

THE
L I F E
A N D
O P I N I O N S
O F
TRISTRAM SHANDY,
GENTLEMAN.

THE

OPINION

AND

OF

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OF

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GENTLEMAN.

Multitudinis imperitæ non formido judicia; meis
tamen, rogo, parcant opusculis — in quibus
fuit propositi semper, a jocis ad seria, a seriis
vicissim ad jocos transire.

JOAN. SARESBERIENSIS,
Episcopus Lugdun.

V O L. IV.

L O N D O N:

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THE
LIFE
AND
OPINIONS
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY,
GENTILMAN.

By the Author of the
Sentimental Journey, &c.
&c.
LONDON:
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STANWELL BERGLI

FABRILL

VESPERA quidam (p. 100)
in parte prima Augusti

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B

SLAWKENBERGII

FABELLA.

VESPERA quâdam frigidulâ, posteriori in parte mensis Augusti, peregrinus, mulo fusco colore insidens, manticâ a tergo, paucis indusijs, binis calceis, braccisque sericis coccinejs repletâ Argentoratum ingressus est.

Militi eum percontanti, quum portus intraret, dixit, se apud Nasorum promontorium fuisse, Francofurtum proficisci, et Argentoratum, transitu ad fines Sarmatiæ mensis intervallo, reversurum.

Niles

* As *Hafen Slawkenbergius de Nasis* is extremely scarce, it may not be unacceptable to the learned reader to see the specimen of a few pages of his original; I will make no reflection upon it, but that his story-telling Latin is much more concise than his philosophic—and, I think, has more of Latinity in it.

SLAWKENBERGIUS's T A L E.

IT was one cool refreshing evening, at the close of a very sultry day, in the latter end of the month of *August*, when a stranger, mounted upon a dark mule, with a small cloak-bag behind him, containing a few shirts, a pair of shoes, and a crimson-fattin pair of breeches, entred the town of *Strasburg*.

He told the centinel, who questioned him as he entered the gates, that he had been at the promontory of *Noses*—was going on to *Frankfort*—and should be back again at *Strasburg* that day month, in his way to the borders of *Crim-Tartary*.

*Miles peregrini in faciem suspexit—Di-
boni, nova forma nasi!*

*At multum mihi profuit, inquit pere-
grinus, carpum amento extrahens, e quo
pependit acinaces: Loculo manum inse-
ruit; Et magnâ cum urbanitate, pilei parte
anteriori tactâ manu sinistrâ, ut extendit
dextram, militi florinum dedit et processu.*

*Dolet mihi, ait miles, tympanistam na-
num et valgum allequens, virum adeo ur-
banum vaginam perdidisse; itinerari haud
poterit nudâ acinaci, neque vaginam toto
Argentorato, habilem inveniet.—Nullam
unquam habui, respondit peregrinus respi-
ciens,*

The centinel looked up into the stranger's face—never saw such a nose in his life!

—I have made a very good venture of it, quoth the stranger—so slipping his wrist out of the loop of a black ribban, to which a short scymetar was hung: He put his hand into his pocket, and with great courtesy touching the forepart of his cap with his left-hand, as he extended his right—he put a florin into the centinel's hand, and passed on.

It grieves me, said the centinel, speaking to a little dwarfish bandy-leg'd drummer, that so courteous a soul should have lost his scabbard—he cannot travel without one to his scymetar, and will not be able to get a scabbard to fit it in all

ciens, — seque comiter inclinans — hoc more gesto, nudam acinacem elevans, mulo lentò progrediente, ut nasum tueri possim.

Non immerito, benigne peregrine, respondit miles.

Nibili æstimo, ait ille tympanista, e pergamena factitius est.

Prout christianus sum, inquit miles, nasus ille, ni sexties major sit, meo esset conformis.

Crepitare audiivi ait tympanista.

Me-

Straßburg.——I never had one, replied the stranger, looking back to the centinel, and putting his hand up to his cap as he spoke——I carry it, continued he thus—holding up his naked scymetar, his mule moving on slowly all the time, on purpose to defend my nose.

It is well worth it, gentle stranger, replied the centinel.

--'Tis not worth a single stiver, said the bandy-leg'd drummer—'tis a nose of parchment.

As I am a true catholic—except that it is six times as big—'tis a nose, said the centinel, like my own.

—I heard it crackle, said the drummer.

Mebercule! sanguinem emisit, respondit miles.

Miseret me, inquit tympanista, qui non ambo titigimus!

Eodem temporis puncto, quo hæc res argumentata fuit inter militem et tympanistam, disceptabatur ibidem tubicine & uxore suâ, qui tunc accesserunt, et peregrino prætereunte, restiterunt.

Quantus nasus! æque longus est, ait tubicina, ac tuba.

Et ex eodem metallo, ait tubicen, velut sternutamento audias.

Tantum

By dunder, said the centinel, I saw it bleed.

What a pity, cried the bandy-legg'd drummer, we did not both touch it!

At the very time that this dispute was maintaining by the centinel and the drummer—was the same point debating betwixt a trumpeter and a trumpeter's wife, who were just then coming up, and had stopped to see the stranger pass by.

Benedicity!——What a nose! 'tis as long, said the trumpeter's wife, as a trumpet.

And of the same mettle, said the trumpeter, as you hear by its sneezing.

—'Tis

Tantum abest, respondit illa, quod fistulam dulcedine vincit.

Æneus est, ait tubicen.

Nequaquam, respondit uxor.

Rursum affirmo, ait tubicen, quod æneus est.

Rem penitus explorabo; prius, enim digito tangam, ait uxor, quam dormire.

Mulus peregrini, gradu lento progressus est, ut unumquodque verbum controversas, non tantum inter militem et tympanistam, verum etiam inter tubicinem et uxorem ejus, audiret.

*Nequaquam, ait ille, in muli collum fræna demittens, & manibus ambabus in
pectus*

—'Tis as soft as a flute, said she.

—'Tis brass, said the trumpeter.

—'Tis a pudding's end—said his wife.

I tell thee again, said the trumpeter,
'tis a brazen nose.

I'll know the bottom of it, said the
trumpeter's wife, for I will touch it with
my finger before I sleep.

The stranger's mule moved on at so
slow a rate, that he heard every word of
the dispute, not only betwixt the centinel
and the drummer ; but betwixt the trum-
peter and the trumpeter's wife.

No ! said he, dropping his reins upon
his mule's neck, and laying both his
hands

pectus positis, (mulo lentè progrediente) nequaquam ait ille, respiciens, non necesse est ut res isthæc dilucidata foret. Minime gentium! meus nasus nunquam tangetur, dum spiritus hos reget artus—ad quid agendum? ait uxor burgomagistri.

Peregrinus illi non respondit. Votum faciebat tunc temporis sancto Nicolao, quo facto, sinum dextram inserens, e quâ negliger pependit acinaces, lento gradu processit per plateam Argentorati latam quæ ad diversorium templo ex adversum ducit.

Peregrinus

hands upon his breast, the one over the other in a saint-like position (his mule going on easily all the time) No! said he, looking up,—I am not such a debtor to the world—slandered and disappointed as I have been——as to give it that conviction—no! said he, my nose shall never be touched whilst heaven gives me strength—To do what? said a burgomaster's wife.

The stranger took no notice of the burgomaster's wife—he was making a vow to saint *Nicolas*; which done, having uncrossed his arms with the same solemnity with which he crossed them, he took up the reins of his bridle with his left-hand, and putting his right-hand into his bosom, with his scymetar hanging loosely to the wrist of it, he rode on as slowly as one foot of the mule could follow

Peregrinus mulo descendens stabulo includi, & manticam inferri jussit: quâ apertâ et coccineis sericis femoralibus extractis cum argenteo laciniato Περὶ Σοφῆ, his sese induit, statimque, acinaci in manu, ad forum deambulavit.

Quod ubi peregrinus esset ingressus, uxorem tubicinis obviam euntem aspicit; illico cursum fleclit, metuens ne nasus suus exploraretur, atque ad diversorium regressus est — exiit se vestibus; braccas coccineas fericas

low another thro' the principal streets of *Strasburg*, till chance brought him to the great inn in the market-place over-against the church.

The moment the stranger alighted, he ordered his mule to be led into the stable, and his cloak-bag to be brought in; then opening, and taking out of it, his crimson-sattin breeches, with a silver-fringed—(appendage to them, which I dare not translate)—he put his breeches, with his fringed cod-piece on, and forth-with with his short scymetar in his hand, walked out to the grand parade.

The stranger had just taken three turns upon the parade, when he perceived the trumpeter's wife at the opposite side of it—so turning short, in pain lest his nose should be attempted, he instantly went
back

ricas manticae imposuit mulumque educi jussit.

Francofurtum proficiscor, ait ille, et Argentoratum quatuor abbinc hebdomadis revertar.

Bene curasti hoc jumentum (ait) muli faciem manu demulcens——me, manticaeque meam, plus sexcentis mille passibus portavit.

*Longa via est! respondet hospes, nisi plurimum esset negoti.——Enimvero ait peregrinus a nasorum promontorio redij, et nasum speciosissimum, egregiosissimumque
quem*

back to his inn——undressed himself, packed up his crimson-fattin breeches, &c. in his cloak-bag, and called for his mule.

I am going forwards, said the stranger, for *Franckfort*——and shall be back at *Strasburg* this day month.

I hope, continued the stranger, stroking down the face of his mule with his left-hand as he was going to mount it, that you have been kind to this faithful slave of mine——it has carried me and my cloak-bag, continued he, tapping the mule's back, above six hundred leagues.

—'Tis a long journey, Sir, replied the master of the inn——unless a man has great business.—Tut ! tut ! said the stranger, I have been at the promontory of

quem unquam quisquam sortitus est, acquisivi?

Dum peregrinus hanc miram rationem, de seipso reddit, hospes et uxor ejus, oculis intentis, peregrini nasum contemplantur— Per sanctos, sanctasque omnes, ait hospitis uxor, nasus duodecim maximis, in toto Argentorato major est!—estne ait illa mariti in aurem insusurrans, nonne est nasus prægrandis?

Dolus inest, anime mi, ait hospes—nasus est falsus.—

Verus est, respondit uxor.—

Ex abiete factus est, ait ille, terebinthinum olet——

Carbunculus

Noses; and have got me one of the goodliest and jolliest, thank heaven, that ever fell to a single man's lot.

Whilst the stranger was giving this odd account of himself, the master of the inn and his wife kept both their eyes fixed full upon the stranger's nose—By saint *Radagunda*, said the inn-keeper's wife to herself, there is more of it than in any dozen of the largest noses put together in all *Straßburg*! is it not, said she, whispering her husband in his ear, is it not a noble nose?

'Tis an imposture, my dear, said the master of the inn—'tis a false nose.—

'Tis a true nose, said his wife.—

'Tis made of fir-tree, said he,—I smell the turpentine.—

Carbunculus inest, ait uxor.

Mortuus est nasus, respondit hospes.

Vivus est, ait illa,——Et si ipsa vivam tangam.

Votum feci sancto Nicolao, ait peregrinus, nasum meum intactum fore usque ad—Quodnam tempus? illico respondit illa.

Minime tangetur, inquit ille (manibus in pectus compositis) usque ad illam horam—Quam horam? ait illa.—Nullam, respondit peregrinus, donec perveneo, ad—Quem locum, — obsecro? ait illa — Peregrinus nil respondens mulo conscenso discessit.

'There's a pimple on it, said she.

'Tis a dead nose, replied the inn-keeper.

'Tis a live nose, and if I am alive myself, said the inn-keeper's wife, I will touch it.

I have made a vow to saint *Nicolas* this day, said the stranger, that my nose shall not be touched till—Here the stranger, suspending his voice, looked up—Till when? said she hastily.

It never shall be touched, said he, clasping his hands and bringing them close to his breast, till that hour.—What hour? cried the inn-keeper's wife.—Never!—never! said the stranger, never tell I am got—For heaven sake into what place? said she.—The stranger rode away without saying a word.

The stranger had not got half a league on his way towards *Frankfort*, before all the city of *Straßburg* was in an uproar about his nose. The *Compline*-bells were just ringing to call the *Straßburgers* to their devotions, and shut up the duties of the day in prayer :——no soul in all *Straßburg* heard 'em—the city was like a swarm of bees——men, women, and children (the *Compline*-bells tinkling all the time) flying here and there—in at one door, out at another—this way and that way—long ways and cross ways—up one street, down another street—in at this ally, out at that ——did you see it? did you see it? did you see it? O! did you see it?—who saw it? who did see it? for mercy's sake, who saw it?

Alack o'day! I was at vespers!——I was washing, I was starching, I was scouring,

scouring, I was quilting—God help me! I never saw it—I never touch'd it!—would I had been a centinel, a bandy-leg'd drummer, a trumpeter, a trumpeter's wife, was the general cry and lamentation in every street and corner of *Strasburg*.

Whilst all this confusion and disorder triumphed throughout the great city of *Strasburg*, was the courteous stranger going on as gently upon his mule in his way to *Frankfort*, as if he had had no concern at all in the affair—talking all the way he rode in broken sentences, sometimes to his mule—sometimes to himself—sometimes to his *Julia*.

O *Julia*, my lovely *Julia*!—nay I cannot stop to let thee bite that thistle—that ever the suspected tongue of a rival should have

robbed me of enjoyment when I was upon the point of tasting it.—

—Pugh!—'tis nothing but a thistle—never mind it—thou shalt have a better supper at night.—

——Banish'd from my country—my friends—from thee.—

Poor devil, thou'rt sadly tired with thy journey!—come—get on a little faster—there's nothing in my cloak-bag but two shirts—a crimson-fattin pair of breeches, and a fringed—Dear Julia!

—But why to *Frankfort*?—is it that there is a hand unfelt, which secretly is conducting me through these meanders and unsuspected tracts!—

——Stumbling!

—Stumbling! by faint *Nicolas!* every step—why at this rate we shall be all night in getting in——

—To happiness—or am I to be the sport of fortune and slander—destined to be driven forth unconvicted—unheard—untouched——if so, why did I not stay at *Strasbourg*, where justice——but I had sworn!—Come, thou shalt drink—to *St. Nicolas*—O *Julia!*——What dost thou prick up thy ears at?—’tis nothing but a man, &c.——

The stranger rode on communing in this manner with his mule and *Julia*—till he arrived at his inn, where, as soon as he arrived, he alighted—saw his mule, as he had promised it, taken good care of—took off his cloak-bag, with his crimson-satin breeches, &c. in it ——— called

called for an omelet to his supper, went to his bed about twelve o'clock, and in five minutes fell fast asleep.

It was about the same hour when the tumult in *Strasbourg* being abated for that night,——the *Strasburgers* had all got quietly into their beds — but not like the stranger, for the rest either of their minds or bodies; queen *Mab*, like an elf as she was, had taken the stranger's nose, and without reduction of its bulk, had that night been at the pains of flitting and dividing it into as many noses of different cuts and fashions, as there were heads in *Strasbourg* to hold them. The abbess of *Quedlingberg*, who, with the four great dignitaries of her chapter, the prioress, the deaness, the sub-chantress, and senior canonesse, had that week come to *Strasbourg* to consult the university
upon

upon a case of conscience relating to their placket holes—was ill all the night.

The courteous stranger's nose had got perched upon the top of the pineal gland of her brain, and made such rousing work in the fancies of the four great dignitaries of her chapter, they could not get a wink of sleep the whole night thro' for it——there was no keeping a limb still amongst them — in short, they got up like so many ghosts.

The penitentiaries of the third order of saint *Francis*——the nuns of mount *Calvary* — the *Præmonstratenses* —— the *Clunienses* *——the *Carthusians*, and all the severer orders of nuns who lay that night in blankets or hair-cloth, were still
in

* *Hafen Slawkenbergius* means the Benedictine nuns of *Cluny*, founded in the year 940, by *Odo*, abbé de *Cluny*.

in a worse condition than the abbess of *Quedlingberg*—by tumbling and tossing, and tossing and tumbling from one side of their beds to the other the whole night long—the several sisterhoods had scratch'd and mawl'd themselves all to death—they got out of their beds almost dead alive—every body thought saint *Antony* had visited them for probation with his fire——they had never once, in short, shut their eyes the whole night long from vespers to matins.

The nuns of saint *Ursula* acted the wisest—they never attempted to go to bed at all.

The dean of *Straßburg*, the prebendaries, the capitulars and domiciliars (capitularly assembled in the morning to consider the case of butter'd buns) all wished

I

they

they had followed the nuns of saint *Ursula's* example.—In the hurry and confusion every thing had been in the night before, the bakers had all forgot to lay their leaven—there were no butter'd buns to be had for breakfast in all *Straßburg*—the whole close of the cathedral was in one eternal commotion—such a cause of restlessness and disquietude, and such a zealous inquiry into the cause of that restlessness, had never happened in *Straßburg*, since *Martin Luther*, with his doctrines, had turned the city up-side down.

If the stranger's nose took this liberty of thrusting itself thus into the dishes * of religious

* *Mr. Shandy's* compliments to orators—is very sensible that *Slawkenbergius* has here changed his metaphor—which he is very guilty of;—that as a translator, *Mr. Shandy* has all along done what he could to make him stick to it—but that here 'twas impossible.

religious orders, &c. what a carnival did his nose make of it, in those of the laity ! —'tis more than my pen, worn to the stump as it is, has power to describe ; tho' I acknowledge, (*cries Slawkenbergius, with more gaiety of thought than I could have expected from him*) that there is many a good simile now subsisting in the world which might give my countrymen some idea of it ; but at the close of such a folio as this, wrote for their sakes, and in which I have spent the greatest part of my life—tho' I own to them the simile is in being, yet would it not be unreasonable in them to expect I should have either time or inclination to search for it ? Let it suffice to say, that the riot and disorder it occasioned in the *Strasburgers* fantasies was so general—such an overpowering mastership had it got of all the faculties of the *Strasburgers* minds—so many

many strange things, with equal confidence on all sides, and with equal eloquence in all places, were spoken and sworn to concerning it, that turned the whole stream of all discourse and wonder towards it — every soul, good and bad — rich and poor — learned and unlearned — doctor and student — mistress and maid — gentle and simple — nun's flesh and woman's flesh in *Strasburg* spent their time in hearing tidings about it — every eye in *Strasburg* languished to see it — every finger — every thumb in *Strasburg* burned to touch it.

Now what might add, if any thing may be thought necessary to add to so vehement a desire — was this, that the centinel, the bandy-legg'd drummer, the trumpeter, the trumpeter's wife, the burgo-master's widow, the master of the

inn, and the master of the inn's wife, how widely soever they all differed every one from another in their testimonies and descriptions of the stranger's nose—they all agreed together in two points—namely, that he was gone to *Frankfort*, and would not return to *Straßburg* till that day month; and secondly, whether his nose was true or false, that the stranger himself was one of the most perfect paragons of beauty—the finest made man!—the most genteel!—the most generous of his purse—the most courteous in his carriage that had ever entered the gates of *Straßburg*—that as he rode, with his scymetar slung loosely to his wrist, thro' the streets—and walked with his crimson-fattin breeches across the parade—'twas with so sweet an air of careless modesty, and so manly withal—as would have put the heart in jeopardy (had his nose not stood

stood in his way) of every virgin who had cast her eyes upon him.

I call not upon that heart which is a stranger to the throbs and yearnings of curiosity, so excited to justify the abbess of *Quedlingberg*, the prioress, the deaness and subchantress for sending at noon-day for the trumpeter's wife: she went through the streets of *Strasburg* with her husband's trumpet in her hand;—the best apparatus the straitness of the time would allow her, for the illustration of her theory—she staid no longer than three days.

The centinel and the bandy-legg'd drummer!—nothing on this side of old *Athens* could equal them! they read their lectures under the city gates to comers and goers, with all the pomp

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of a *Chrysippus* and a *Crantor* in their porticos.

The master of the inn, with his ostler on his left-hand, read his also in the same stile,—under the portico or gateway of his stable-yard—his wife, hers more privately in a back room: all flocked to their lectures; not promiscuously—but to this or that, as is ever the way, as faith and credulity marshal'd them—in a word, each *Straßburger* came crouding for intelligence—and every *Straßburger* had the intelligence he wanted.

Tis worth remarking, for the benefit of all demonstrators in natural philosophy, &c. that as soon as the trumpeter's wife had finished the abbess of *Quedlinberg's* private lecture, and had begun to read in public, which she did upon a stool

stool in the middle of the great parade—she incommoded the other demonstrators mainly, by gaining incontinently the most fashionable part of the city of *Straßburg* for her auditory—But when a demonstrator in philosophy (cries *Slawkenbergius*) has a *trumpet* for an apparatus, pray what rival in science can pretend to be heard besides him?

Whilst the unlearned, thro' these conduits of intelligence, were all busied in getting down to the bottom of the well, where TRUTH keeps her little court—were the learned in their way as busy in pumping her up thro' the conduits of dialect induction—they concerned themselves not with facts—they reasoned—

Not one profession had thrown more light upon this subject than the faculty—

had not all their disputes about it run into the affair of *Wens* and oedematous swellings, they could not keep clear of them for their bloods and souls—the stranger's nose had nothing to do either with wens or oedematous swellings.

It was demonstrated however very satisfactorily, that such a ponderous mass of heterogenous matter could not be congested and conglomerated to the nose, whilst the infant was *in Utero*, without destroying the statical balance of the foetus, and throwing it plump upon its head nine months before the time.——

—The opponents granted the theory—they denied the consequences.

And if a suitable provision of veins, arteries, &c. said they, was not laid in,
for

for the due nourishment of such a nose, in the very first stamina and rudiments of its formation before it came into the world (bating the case of Wens) it could not regularly grow and be sustained afterwards.

This was all answered by a dissertation upon nutriment, and the effect which nutriment had in extending the vessels, and in the increase and prolongation of the muscular parts to the greatest growth and expansion imaginable—In the triumph of which theory, they went so far as to affirm, that there was no cause in nature, why a nose might not grow to the size of the man himself.

The respondents satisfied the world this event could never happen to them so long as a man had but one stomach and

one pair of lungs—For the stomach, said they, being the only organ destined for the reception of food, and turning it into chyle,—and the lungs the only engine of sanguification—it could possibly work off no more, than what the appetite brought it : or admitting the possibility of a man's overloading his stomach, nature had set bounds however to his lungs—the engine was of a determined size and strength, and could elaborate but a certain quantity in a given time—that is, it could produce just as much blood as was sufficient for one single man, and no more ; so that, if there was as much nose as man—they proved a mortification must necessarily ensue ; and forasmuch as there could not be a support for both, that the nose must either fall off from the man, or the man inevitably fall off from his nose.

Nature

Nature accommodates herself to these emergencies, cried the opponents—else what do you say to the case of a whole stomach—a whole pair of lungs, and but *half* a man, when both his legs have been unfortunately shot off?—

He dies of a plethora, said they—or must spit blood, and in a fortnight or three weeks go off in a consumption—

—It happens otherways—replied the opponents.——

It ought not, said they.

The more curious and intimate inquirers after nature and her doings, though they went hand in hand a good way together, yet they all divided about the nose at last, almost as much as the faculty itself.

They amicably laid it down, that there was a just and geometrical arrangement and proportion of the several parts of the human frame to its several destinations, offices, and functions, which could not be transgressed but within certain limits—that nature, though she sported—she sported within a certain circle ;—and they could not agree about the diameter of it.

The logicians stuck much closer to the point before them than any of the classes of the literati ;— they began and ended with the word nose ; and had it not been for a *petitio principii*, which one of the ablest of them ran his head against in the beginning of the combat, the whole controversy had been settled at once.

A nose, argued the logician, cannot bleed without blood—and not only blood
—but

—but blood circulating in it to supply the phænomenon with a succession of drops— (a stream being but a quicker succession of drops, that is included, said he)—Now death, continued the logician, being nothing but the stagnation of the blood—

I deny the definition—Death is the separation of the soul from the body, said his antagonist—Then we don't agree about our weapon, said the logician—Then there is an end of the dispute, replied the antagonist.

The civilians were still more concise; what they offered being more in the nature of a decree—than a dispute.

—Such a monstrous nose, said they, had it been a true nose, could not possibly have been suffered in civil society—and if
1
false

false—to impose upon society with such false signs and tokens, was a still greater violation of its rights, and must have had still less mercy shewn it.

The only objection to this was, that if it proved any thing, it proved the stranger's nose was neither true nor false.

This left room for the controversy to go on. It was maintained by the advocates of the ecclesiastic court, that there was nothing to inhibit a decree, since the stranger *ex mero motu* had confessed he had been at the Promontory of Noses, and had got one of the goodliest, &c. &c. —To this it was answered, it was impossible there should be such a place as the Promontory of Noses, and the learned be ignorant where it lay. The commissary of the bishop of *Straßburg* undertook the advocates,

advocates, explained this matter in a treatise upon proverbial phrases, shewing them, that the Promontory of Noses was a mere allegoric expression, importing no more than that nature had given him a long nose: in proof of which, with great learning, he cited the underwritten authorities *, which had decided the point incon-

* Nonnulli ex nostratibus eadem loquendi formulâ utuntur. Quinimo et Logistæ & Canonistæ—Vid. Parce Bar e Jas in d. L. Provincial. Constitut. de conjec. vid. Vol. Lib. 4. Titul. 1. N. 7. quâ etiam in re conspir. Om. de Promontorio Nas. Tichmak. ff. d. tit. 3. fol. 189. passim. Vid. Glos. de contrahend. empt. &c. nec non J. Scrudr. in cap. §. refut. ff. per totum. cum his cons. Rever. J. Tubal, Sentent. & Prov. cap. 9. ff. 11, 12. obiter. V. et Librum, cui Tit. de Terris & Phras. Belg. ad finem cum, Comment. N. Bardy Belg. Vid. Scrip. Argentotarenf. de Antiq. Ecc. in Episc. Archiv. fid. coll. per Von Jacobum Koinshoven Folio Argent. 1583, præcip. ad finem. Quibus add. Rebuff in L. obvenire de Signif. Nom. ff. fol. & de Jure, Gent. & Civil. de protib. aliena feud. per federa, test. Joha. Luxius in prolegom. quem velim videas, de Analy. Cap. 1, 2, 3. Vid. Idea.

incontestably, had it not appeared that a dispute about some franchises of dean and chapter-lands had been determined by it nineteen years before.

It happened—I must not say unluckily for Truth, because they were giving her a lift another way in so doing; that the two universities of *Straßburg*—the *Lutheran*, founded in the year 1538 by *Jacobus Sturmius*, counsellor of the senate,—and the *Papist*, founded by *Leopold*, arch-duke of *Austria*, were, during all this time, employing the whole depth of their knowledge (except just what the affair of the abbess of *Quedlinburg*'s placket-holes required)—in determining the point of *Martin Luther*'s damnation.

The *Papist* doctors had undertaken to demonstrate *a priori*; that from the necessary

cessary influence of the planets on the twenty-second day of *October* 1483——when the moon was in the twelfth house——*Jupiter*, *Mars*, and *Venus* in the third, the *Sun*, *Saturn*, and *Mercury* all got together in the fourth—that he must in course, and unavoidably be a damn'd man—and that his doctrines, by a direct corollary, must be damn'd doctrines too.

By inspection into his horoscope, where five planets were in coition all at once with scorio * (in reading this my father would

* *Hæc mira, fatisque horrenda. Planetarum coitio sub Scarpio Asterismo in nonâ cœli statione, quam Arabes religioni deputabant efficit Martinum Lutherum sacrilegum hereticum, christianæ religionis hostem acerrimum atque prophanum, ex horoscopi directione ad Martis coitum, religiosissimus obiit, ejus Anima seclatissima ad infernos navigavit—ab Alecto, Tisiphone et Magera flagellis igneis cruciata pereniter.*

—*Lucas Gauricus in Tractatu astrologico de præteritis multorum hominum accidentibus per genituras examinatis.*

would always shake his head) in the ninth house which the *Arabians* allotted to religion—it appeared that *Martin Luther* did not care one stiver about the matter—and that from the horoscope directed to the conjunction of *Mars*—they made it plain likewise he must die cursing and blaspheming—with the blast of which his soul (being steep'd in guilt) failed before the wind, into the lake of hell fire.

The little objection of the *Lutheran* doctors to this, was, that it must certainly be the soul of another man, born Oct. 22, 83, which was forced to sail down before the wind in that manner—inasmuch as it appeared from the register of *Islaben* in the county of *Mansfelt*, that *Luther* was not born in the year 1483, but in 84; and not on the 22d day of *October*,
but

but on the 10th of *November*, the eve of *Martinmas*-day, from whence he had the name of *Martin*.

[—I must break off my translation for a moment; for if I did not, I know I should no more be able to shut my eyes in bed, than the abbess of *Quedlinburg*—It is to tell the reader, that my father never read this passage of *Slawkenbergius* to my uncle *Toby* but with triumph—not over my uncle *Toby*, for he never opposed him in it—but over the whole world.

—Now you see, brother *Toby*, he would say, looking up, “that christian names “are not such indifferent things;”—had *Luther* here been called by any other name but *Martin*, he would have been damned to all eternity—Not that I look upon *Martin*, he would add, as a good
name

name—far from it—'tis something better than a neutral, and but a little—yet little as it is, you see it was of some service to him.

My father knew the weakness of this prop to his hypothesis, as well as the best logician could shew him—yet so strange is the weakness of man at the same time, as it fell in his way, he could not for his life but make use of it; and it was certainly for this reason, that though there are many stories in *Hafen Slawkenbergius's* Decads full as entertaining as this I am translating, yet there is not one amongst them which my father read over with half the delight—it flattered two of his strangest hypotheses together—his NAMES and his NOSES—I will be bold to say, he might have read all the books in the *Alexandrian* library, had not fate taken
other

other care of them, and not have met with a book or a passage in one, which hit two such nails as these upon the head at one stroke.]

The two universities of *Straßburg* were hard tugging at this affair of *Luther's* navigation. The Protestant doctors had demonstrated, that he had not failed right before the wind, as the Popish doctors had pretended; and as every one knew there was no sailing full in the teeth of it,—they were going to settle, in case he had failed, how many points he was off; whether *Martin* had doubled the cape, or had fallen upon a lee-shore; and no doubt, as it was an enquiry of much edification, at least to those who understood this sort of NAVIGATION, they had gone on with it in spite of the size of the stranger's nose, had not the size of the stranger's

nose drawn off the attention of the world from what they were about—it was their business to follow.——

The abbess of *Quedlinburg* and her four dignitaries was no stop; for the enormity of the stranger's nose running full as much in their fancies as their case of conscience—The affair of their placket-holes kept cold—In a word, the printers were ordered to distribute their types—all controversies dropp'd.

'Twas a square cap with a silk tassell upon the crown of it—to a nut shell—to have gueffed on which side of the nose the two universities would split.

'Tis above reason, cried the doctors on one side.

'Tis below reason, cried the others.

'Tis faith, cried the one.

'Tis

'Tis a fiddle-stick, said the other.

'Tis possible, cried the one.

'Tis impossible, said the other.

God's power is infinite, cried the Nosarians, he can do any thing.

He can do nothing, replied the Antinofarians, which implies contradictions.

He can make matter think, said the Nosarians.

As certainly as you can make a velvet cap out of a sow's ear, replied the Antinofarians.

He cannot make two and two five, replied the Popish doctors.—'Tis false, said their opponents.—

Infinite power is infinite power, said the doctors who maintained the reality

of the nose.—It extends only to all possible things, replied the *Lutherans*.

By God in heaven, cried the Popish doctors, he can make a nose, if he thinks fit, as big as the steeple of *Strasburg*.

Now the steeple of *Strasburg* being the biggest and the tallest church-steeple to be seen in the whole world, the Antinofarians denied that a nose of 575 geometrical feet in length could be worn, at least by a middle-siz'd man—The Popish doctors swore it could—The *Lutheran* doctors said No;—it could not.

This at once started a new dispute, which they pursued a great way upon the extent and limitation of the moral and natural attributes of God—That controversy led them naturally into *Thomas Aquinas*,

Aquinas, and *Thomas Aquinas* to the devil.

The stranger's nose was no more heard of in the dispute—it just served as a frigate to launch them into the gulph of school-divinity,—and then they all sailed before the wind.

Heat is in proportion to the want of true knowledge.

The controversy about the attributes, &c. instead of cooling, on the contrary had inflamed the *Strasburgers* imaginations to a most inordinate degree—The less they understood of the matter, the greater was their wonder about it—they were left in all the distresses of desire unsatisfied—saw their doctors, the *Parchmentarians*, the *Brassarians*, the *Turpentarians*, on one side—the Popish doctors

on the other, like *Pantagruel* and his companions in quest of the oracle of the bottle, all embarked and out of sight.

—The poor *Strasburgers* left upon the beach !

—What was to be done ?—No delay—the uproar increased—every one in disorder—the city gates set open.—

Unfortunate *Strasburgers* ! was there in the store-house of nature—was there in the lumber-rooms of learning—was there in the great arsenal of chance, one single engine left undrawn forth to torture your curiosities, and stretch your desires, which was not pointed by the hand of fate to play upon your hearts ?—I dip not my pen into my ink to excuse the surrender of yourselves—'tis to write your panegyrick.

panegyrick. Shew me a city so macerated with expectation—who neither eat, or drank, or slept, or prayed, or hearkened to the calls either of religion or nature for seven and twenty days together, who could have held out one day longer.

On the twenty-eighth the courteous stranger had promised to return to *Straßburg*.

Seven thousand coaches (*Slawkenbergius* must certainly have made some mistake in his numerical characters) 7000 coaches—15000 single horse chairs—20000 waggons, crowded as full as they could all hold with senators, counsellors, syndicks—beguines, widows, wives, virgins, canons, concubines, all in their coaches—The abbess of *Quedlinburg*, with the prioress, the deaness and sub-chantress

leading the proceſſion in one coach, and the dean of *Strasburg*, with the four great dignitaries of his chapter on her left-hand—the reſt following higglety-pigglety as they could; ſome on horſeback—— ſome on foot—ſome led—ſome driven— ſome down the *Rhine*—ſome this way— ſome that—all ſet out at ſun-riſe to meet the courteous ſtranger on the road.

Haſte we now towards the cataſtrophe of my tale—I ſay *Cataſtrophe* (cries *Slawkenbergius*) inasmuch as a tale, with parts rightly diſpoſed, not only rejoiceth (*gaudet*) in the *Cataſtrophe* and *Peripeitia* of a DRAMA, but rejoiceth moreover in all the eſſential and integrant parts of it—it has its *Protaſis*, *Epitaſis*, *Cataſtaſis*, its *Cataſtrophe* or *Peripeitia* growing one out of the other in it, in the order *Ariſtotle* firſt planted them—without which a tale
had

had better never be told at all, says *Slawkenbergius*, but be kept to a man's self.

In all my ten tales, in all my ten decads, have I, *Slawkenbergius*, tied down every tale of them as tightly to this rule, as I have done this of the stranger and his nose.

—From his first parley with the centinel, to his leaving the city of *Strasburg*, after pulling off his crimson-fattin pair of breeches, is the *Protasis* or first entrance — where the characters of the *Personæ Dramatis* are just touched in, and the subject slightly begun.

The *Epitasis*, wherein the action is more fully entered upon and heightened, till it arrives at its state or height called
I the

the *Catastasis*, and which usually takes up the 2d and 3d act, is included within that busy period of my tale, betwixt the first night's uproar about the nose, to the conclusion of the trumpeter's wife's lectures upon it in the middle of the grand parade; and from the first embarking of the learned in the dispute—to the doctors finally sailing away, and leaving the *Strasburgers* upon the beach in distress, is the *Catastasis* or the ripening of the incidents and passions for their bursting forth in the fifth act.

This commences with the setting out of the *Strasburgers* in the *Frankfort* road, and terminates in unwinding the labyrinth and bringing the hero out of a state of agitation (as *Aristotle* calls it) to a state of rest and quietness.

This, says *Hafen Slawkenbergius*, constitutes the catastrophe or peripeitia of my tale—and that is the part of it I am going to relate.

We left the stranger behind the curtain asleep—he enters now upon the stage.

—What dost thou prick up thy ears at?—’tis nothing but a man upon a horse—was the last word the stranger uttered to his mule. It was not proper then to tell the reader, that the mule took his master’s word for it; and without any more *ifs* or *ands*, let the traveller and his horse pass by.

The traveller was hastening with all diligence to get to *Straßburg* that night—What a fool am I, said the traveller to himself, when he had rode about a league

league farther, to think of getting into *Strasburg* this night — *Strasburg*! — the great *Strasburg*! — *Strasburg*, the capital of all *Alsatia*! *Strasburg*, an imperial city! *Strasburg*, a sovereign state! *Strasburg*, garrisoned with five thousand of the best troops in all the world! — Alas! if I was at the gates of *Strasburg* this moment, I could not gain admittance into it for a ducat, — nay a ducat and half — 'tis too much — better go back to the last inn I have passed — than lie I know not where — or give I know not what. The traveller, as he made these reflections in his mind, turned his horse's head about, and three minutes after the stranger had been conducted into his chamber, he arrived at the same inn.

— We have bacon in the house, said the host, and bread — and till eleven o'clock this night had three eggs in it —
but

but a stranger, who arrived an hour ago, has had them dressed into an omlet, and we have nothing.——

—Alas! said the traveller, harrassed as I am, I want nothing but a bed—I have one as soft as is in *Alsatia*, said the host.

—The stranger, continued he, should have slept in it, for 'tis my best bed, but upon the score of his nose—He has got a defluxion, said the traveller—Not that I know, cried the host—But 'tis a camp-bed, and *Jacinta*, said he, looking towards the maid, imagined there was not room in it to turn his nose in—Why so? cried the traveller starting back—It is so long a nose, replied the host—The traveller fixed his eyes upon *Jacinta*, then upon the ground—kneeled upon his right
knee

knee—had just got his hand laid upon his breast—Trifle not with my anxiety, said he, rising up again—'Tis no trifle, said *Jacinta*, 'tis the most glorious nose! —The traveller fell upon his knee again—laid his hand upon his breast—then said he, looking up to heaven! thou hast conducted me to the end of my pilgrimage —'Tis *Diego*!

The traveller was the brother of the *Julia*, so often invoked that night by the stranger as he rode from *Strasburg* upon his mule; and was come, on her part, in quest of him. He had accompanied his sister from *Valadolid* across the *Pyrenean* mountains thro' *France*, and had many an entangled skein to wind off in pursuit of him thro' the many meanders and abrupt turnings of a lover's thorny tracks.

—*Julia*

—Julia had funk under it—and had not been able to go a step farther than to *Lyons*, where, with the many disquietudes of a tender heart, which all talk of—but few feel—she sicken'd, but had just strength to write a letter to *Diego*; and having conjured her brother never to see her face till he had found him out, and put the letter into his hands, Julia took to her bed.

Fernandez (for that was her brother's name)—tho' the camp-bed was as soft as any one in *Alsace*, yet he could not shut his eyes in it.—As soon as it was day he rose, and hearing *Diego* was risen too, he enter'd his chamber, and discharged his sister's commission.

The letter was as follows :

Seig.

Seig. DIEGO.

“ Whether my suspicions of your nose
 “ were justly excited or not—’tis not now
 “ to inquire—it is enough I have not
 “ had firmness to put them to farther
 “ tryal.

“ How could I know so little of my-
 “ self, when I sent my *Duena* to forbid
 “ your coming more under my lattice?
 “ or how could I know so little of you,
 “ *Diego*, as to imagine you would not
 “ have staid one day in *Valadolid* to have
 “ given ease to my doubts?—Was I to
 “ be abandoned, *Diego*, because I was
 “ deceived? or was it kind to take me
 “ at my word, whether my suspicions
 “ were just or no, and leave me, as you
 “ did, a prey to much uncertainty and
 “ sorrow.

“ In

“ In what manner Julia has repented
 “ this—my brother, when he puts this
 “ letter into your hands, will tell you :
 “ He will tell you in how few moments
 “ she repented of the rash message she
 “ had sent you—in what frantic haste
 “ she flew to her lattice, and how many
 “ days and nights together she leaned
 “ immoveably upon her elbow, looking
 “ thro’ it towards the way which *Diego*
 “ was wont to come.

“ He will tell you, when she heard
 “ of your departure—how her spirits de-
 “ serted her—how her heart sicken’d—
 “ how piteously she mourn’d—how low
 “ she hung her head. O *Diego* ! how
 “ many weary steps has my brother’s
 “ pity led me by the hand languishing
 “ to trace out yours ! how far has desire
 “ carried me beyond strength—and how
 Vol. IV. F “ oft

“ oft have I fainted by the way, and
 “ sunk into his arms, with only power
 “ to cry out—O my *Diego* !

“ If the gentleness of your carriage
 “ has not belied your heart, you will fly
 “ to me, almost as fast as you fled from
 “ me—haste as you will, you will arrive
 “ but to see me expire.—’Tis a bitter
 “ draught, *Diego*, but oh ! ’tis embitter’d
 “ still more by dying *un——*.”

She could proceed no farther.

Slawkenbergius supposes the word intended was *unconvinced*, but her strength would not enable her to finish her letter.

The heart of the courteous *Diego* overflowed as he read the letter—he ordered his mule forthwith and *Fernandez*’s horse

horse to be saddled; and as no vent in prose is equal to that of poetry in such conflicts—chance, which as often directs us to remedies as to *diseases*, having thrown a piece of charcoal into the window—*Diego* availed himself of it, and whilst the ostler was getting ready his mule, he eased his mind against the wall as follows.

O D E.

*Harsh and untuneful are the notes of love,
 Unless my Julia strikes the key,
 Her hand alone can touch the part,
 Whose dulcet move-
 -ment charms the heart,
 And governs all the man with sympa-
 thetic sway.*

2d.

O Julia!

F 2

The

The lines were very natural—for they were nothing at all to the purpose, says *Slawkenbergius*, and 'tis a pity there were no more of them; but whether it was that Seig. *Diego* was slow in composing verses—or the ostler quick in saddling mules—is not averred; certain it was, that *Diego's* mule and *Fernandez's* horse were ready at the door of the inn, before *Diego* was ready for his second stanza; so without staying to finish his ode, they both mounted, sallied forth, passed the *Rhine*, traversed *Alsace*, shaped their course towards *Lyons*, and before the *Straßburgers* and the abbess of *Quedlinberg* had set out on their cavalcade, had *Fernandez*, *Diego*, and his *Julia*, crossed the *Pyrenean* mountains, and got safe to *Valadolid*.

'Tis

'Tis needless to inform the geographical reader, that when *Diego* was in *Spain*, it was not possible to meet the courteous stranger in the *Frankfort* road; it is enough to say, that of all restless desires, curiosity being the strongest—the *Straßburgers* felt the full force of it; and that for three days and nights they were tossed to and fro in the *Frankfort* road, with the tempestuous fury of this passion, before they could submit to return home—When alas! an event was prepared for them, of all others the most grievous that could befall a free people.

As this revolution of the *Straßburgers* affairs is often spoken of, and little understood, I will, in ten words, says *Slawkenbergius*, give the world an explanation of it, and with it put an end to my tale.

Every body knows of the grand system of Universal Monarchy, wrote by order of *Monf. Colbert*, and put in manuscript into the hands of *Lewis* the fourteenth, in the year 1664.

'Tis as well known, that one branch out of many of that system, was the getting possession of *Strasburg*, to favour an entrance at all times into *Suabia*, in order to disturb the quiet of *Germany*—and that in consequence of this plan, *Strasburg* unhappily fell at length into their hands.

It is the lot of few to trace out the true springs of this and such like revolutions—The vulgar look too high for them—Statesmen look too low—Truth (for once) lies in the middle.

What

What a fatal thing is the popular pride of a free city! cries one historian—The *Strasburgers* deemed it a diminution of their freedom to receive an imperial garriſon—and ſo fell a prey to a *French* one.

The fate, ſays another, of the *Strasburgers*, may be a warning to all free people to ſave their money—They anticipated their revenues—brought themſelves under taxes, exhausted their ſtrength, and in the end became ſo weak a people, they had not ſtrength to keep their gates ſhut, and ſo the *French* pushed them open.

Alas! alas! cries *Slawkenbergius*, 'twas not the *French*—'twas CURIOSITY pushed them open—The *French* indeed, who are ever upon the catch, when they ſaw the *Strasburgers*, men, women, and children,

all marched out to follow the stranger's nose—each man followed his own, and marched in.

Trade and manufactures have decayed and gradually grown down ever since—but not from any cause which commercial heads have assigned; for it is owing to this only, that Noses have ever so run in their heads, that the *Strasburgers* could not follow their business.

Alas! alas! cries *Slawkenbergius*, making an exclamation—it is not the first—and I fear will not be the last fortress that has been either won—or lost by NOSES.

The END of
Slawkenbergius's TALE.

CHAP.

C H A P. I.

WITH all this learning upon Noses running perpetually in my father's facy—with so many family prejudices—and ten decads of such tales running on for ever along with them—how was it possible with such exquisite—was it a true nose?—That a man with such exquisite feelings as my father had, could bear the shock at all below stairs—or indeed above stairs, in any other posture, but the very posture I have described.

—Throw yourself down upon the bed, a dozen times—taking care only to place a looking-glass first in a chair on one side of it, before you do it—— But was the
 stran-

stranger's nose a true nose—or was it a false one?

To tell that before-hand, madam, would be to do injury to one of the best tales in the christian world ; and that is the tenth of the tenth decad which immediately follows this.

This tale, crieth *Slawkenbergius* somewhat exultingly, has been reserved by me for the concluding tale of my whole work ; knowing right well, that when I shall have told it, and my reader shall have read it thro'—'twould be even high time for both of us to shut up the book ; inasmuch, continues *Slawkenbergius*, as I know of no tale which could possibly ever go down after it.

—'Tis a tale indeed !

This

This sets out with the first interview in the inn at *Lyons*, when *Fernandez* left the courteous stranger and his sister *Julia* alone in her chamber, and is overwritten,

The INTRICACIES

of

Diego and Julia.

Heavens! thou art a strange creature *Slawkenbergius*! what a whimsical view of the involutions of the heart of woman hast thou opened! how this can ever be translated, and yet if this specimen of *Slawkenbergius*'s tales, and the exquisiteness of his moral should please the world—translated shall a couple of volumes be.—Else, how this can ever be translated into good *English*, I have no sort of conception.—There seems in some passages to want a sixth sense to do it rightly.

rightly.——What can he mean by the lambent pupilability of slow, low, dry chat, five notes below the natural tone,——which you know, madam, is little more than a whisper? The moment I pronounced the words, I could perceive an attempt towards a vibration in the strings, about the region of the heart.—The brain made no acknowledgment.—There's often no good understanding betwixt 'em.—I felt as if I understood it.—I had no ideas.—The movement could not be without cause.—I'm lost. I can make nothing of it,—unless, may it please your worships, the voice, in that case being little more than a whisper, unavoidably forces the eyes to approach not only within six inches of each other—but to look into the pupils—is not that dangerous?—But it can't be avoided—for to look up to the
 cieling,

cieling, in that case the two chins unavoidably meet—and to look down into each others laps, the foreheads come into immediate contact, which at once puts an end to the conference—I mean to the sentimental part of it.—What is left, madam, is not worth stooping for.

CH A P. II.

MY father lay stretched across the bed as still as if the hand of death had pushed him down, for a full hour and a half, before he began to play upon the floor with the toe of that foot which hung over the bed-side; my uncle *Toby's* heart was a pound lighter for it.—In a few moments, his left-hand, the knuckles of which had all the time reclined upon the handle of the chamber-pot, came to its feeling—he thrust it a little more within

within the valance—drew up his hand, when he had done, into his bosom—gave a hem!—My good uncle *Toby*, with infinite pleasure, answered it; and full gladly would have ingrafted a sentence of consolation upon the opening it afforded; but having no talents, as I said, that way, and fearing moreover that he might set out with something which might make a bad matter worse, he contented himself with resting his chin placidly upon the cross of his crutch.

Now whether the compression shortened my uncle *Toby's* face into a more pleasurable oval,—or that the philanthropy of his heart, in seeing his brother beginning to emerge out of the sea of his afflictions, had braced up his muscles,—so that the compression upon his chin only doubled the benignity which was there

there before, is not hard to decide.—My father, in turning his eyes, was struck with such a gleam of sun-shine in his face, as melted down the fullness of his grief in a moment.

He broke silence as follows.

C H A P. III.

DID ever man, brother *Toby*, cried my father, raising himself up upon his elbow, and turning himself round to the opposite side of the bed where my uncle *Toby* was sitting in his old fringed chair, with his chin resting upon his crutch—did ever a poor unfortunate man, brother *Toby*, cried my father, receive so many lashes?—The most I ever saw given, quoth my uncle *Toby*, (ringing
I the

the bell at the bed's head for *Trim*) was to a grenadier, I think in *Makay's* regiment.

—Had my uncle *Toby* shot a bullet thro' my father's heart, he could not have fallen down with his nose upon the quilt more suddenly.

Bless me! said my uncle *Toby*.

C H A P. IV.

WAS it *Makay's* regiment, quoth my uncle *Toby*, where the poor grenadier was so unmercifully whipp'd at *Bruges* about the ducats.—O Christ! he was innocent! cried *Trim* with a deep sigh.—And he was whipp'd, may it please your honour, almost to death's door.

door.—They had better have shot him outright as he begg'd, and he had gone directly to heaven, for he was as innocent as your honour.—I thank thee, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*. I never think of his, continued *Trim*, and my poor brother *Tom*'s misfortunes, for we were all three school-fellows, but I cry like a coward.—Tears are no proof of cowardice, *Trim*.—I drop them oft-times myself, cried my uncle *Toby*.—I know your honour does, replied *Trim*, and so am not ashamed of it myself.—But to think, may it please your honour, continued *Trim*, a tear stealing into the corner of his eye as he spoke—to think of two virtuous lads with hearts as warm in their bodies, and as honest as God could make them—the children of honest people, going forth with gallant spirits to seek their fortunes in the world—and fall into

such evils!—poor *Tom*! to be tortured upon a rack for nothing—but marrying a *Jew*'s widow who sold sausages—honest *Dick Johnson*'s soul to be scourged out of his body, for the ducats another man put into his knapsack!—O!—these are misfortunes, cried *Trim*, pulling out his handkerchief—these are misfortunes, may it please your honour, worth lying down and crying over.

—My father could not help blushing.

—'Twould be a pity, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, thou shouldst ever feel sorrow of thy own—thou feelest it so tenderly for others.—Alack-o-day, replied the corporal, brightening up his face—your honour knows I have neither wife or child
—I can have no sorrows in this world.

—My father could not help smiling.—

As

As few as any man, *Trim*, replied my uncle *Toby*; nor can I see how a fellow of thy light heart can suffer, but from the distress of poverty in thy old age—when thou art passed all services, *Trim*,—and hast out-lived thy friends—An' please your honour, never fear, replied *Trim* chearily—But I would have thee never fear, *Trim*, replied my uncle; and therefore, continued my uncle *Toby*, throwing down his crutch, and getting up upon his legs as he uttered the word *therefore*—in recompence, *Trim*, of thy long fidelity to me, and that goodness of thy heart I have had such proofs of—whilst thy master is worth a shilling—thou shalt never ask elsewhere, *Trim*, for a penny. *Trim* attempted to thank my uncle *Toby*,—but had not power—tears trickled down his cheeks faster than he could wipe them off—He laid his hands upon

his breast—made a bow to the ground, and shut the door.

—I have left *Trim* my bowling-green, cried my uncle *Toby*—My father smiled—
—I have left him moreover a pension, continued my uncle *Toby*—My father looked grave.

C H A P. V.

IS this a fit time, said my father to himself, to talk of PENSIONS and GRENADIERS?

C H A P. VI.

WHEN my uncle *Toby* first mentioned the grenadier, my father, I said, fell down with his nose flat to the quilt, and as suddenly as if my uncle
Toby

Toby had shot him ; but it was not added, that every other limb and member of my father instantly relapsed with his nose into the same precise attitude in which he lay first described ; so that when corporal *Trim* left the room, and my father found himself disposed to rise off the bed,—he had all the little preparatory movements to run over again, before he could do it. —Attitudes are nothing, madam,—’tis the transition from one attitude to another—like the preparation and resolution of the discord into harmony, which is all in all.

For which reason my father played the same jig over again with his toe upon the floor—pushed the chamber-pot still a little farther within the valance—gave a hem—raised himself up upon his elbow—and was just beginning to address himself to my uncle *Toby*—when recol-

lecting the unsuccessfulness of his first effort in that attitude,—he got upon his legs, and in making the third turn across the room, he stopped short before my uncle *Toby*; and laying the three first fingers of his right-hand in the palm of his left, and stooping a little, he addressed himself to my uncle *Toby* as follows.

C H A P. VII.

WHEN I reflect, brother *Toby*,
upon MAN; and take a view of
that dark side of him which represents
his life as open to so many causes of
trouble—when I consider, brother *Toby*,
how oft we eat the bread of affliction,
and that we are born to it, as to the
portion of our inheritance—I was born
to nothing, quoth my uncle *Toby*, inter-
rupting

rupting my father—but my commission. Zooks! said my father, did not my uncle leave you a hundred and twenty pounds a year?—What could I have done without it? replied my uncle *Toby*.—That's another concern, said my father testily—But I say, *Toby*, when one runs over the catalogue of all the cross reckonings and sorrowful *items* with which the heart of man is overcharged, 'tis wonderful by what hidden resources the mind is enabled to stand it out, and bear itself up, as it does against the impositions laid upon our nature.——'Tis by the assistance of Almighty God, cried my uncle *Toby*, looking up, and pressing the palms of his hands close together—'tis not from our own strength, brother *Shandy*—a sentinel in a wooden centry-box, might as well pretend to stand it out against a detachment of fifty men,—we are upheld

by the grace and the assistance of the best of Beings.

—That is cutting the knot, said my father, instead of untying it.—But give me leave to lead you, brother *Toby*, a little deeper into this mystery.

With all my heart, replied my uncle *Toby*.

My father instantly exchanged the attitude he was in, for that in which *Socrates* is so finely painted by *Raffael* in his school of *Athens*; which your connoisseurship knows is so exquisitely imagined, that even the particular manner of the reasoning of *Socrates* is expressed by it—for he holds the fore-finger of his left-hand between the fore-finger and the thumb of his right, and seems as if he

was

was saying to the libertine he is re-
 claiming—" *You grant me* this—and this :
 " and this, and this, I don't ask of
 " you — they follow of themselves in
 " course."

So stood my father, holding fast his
 fore-finger betwixt his finger and his
 thumb, and reasoning with my uncle
Toby as he sat in his old fringed chair,
 valanced around with party-coloured
 worsted bobs—O *Garrick* ! what a rich
 scene of this would thy exquisite powers
 make ! and how gladly would I write such
 another to avail myself of thy immor-
 tality, and secure my own behind it.

C H A P. VIII.

THOUGH man is of all others the most curious vehicle, said my father, yet at the same time 'tis of so slight a frame and so totteringly put together, that the sudden jerks and hard jostlings it unavoidably meets with in this rugged journey, would overset and tear it to pieces a dozen times a day—was it not, brother *Toby*, that there is a secret spring within us—Which spring, said my uncle *Toby*, I take to be Religion.—Will that set my child's nose on? cried my father, letting go his finger, and striking one hand against the other—It makes every thing straight for us, answered my uncle *Toby*—Figuratively speaking, dear *Toby*, it may, for aught I know, said my

my father ; but the spring I am speaking of, is that great and elastic power within us of counterbalancing evil, which like a secret spring in a well-ordered machine, though it can't prevent the shock—at least it imposes upon our sense of it.

Now, my dear brother, said my father, replacing his fore-finger, as he was coming closer to the point,—had my child arrived safe into the world, unmartyr'd in that precious part of him—fanciful and extravagant as I may appear to the world in my opinion of christian names, and of that magic bias which good or bad names irresistably impress upon our characters and conducts—heaven is witness ! that in the warmest transports of my wishes for the prosperity of my child, I never once wished to crown his head with more glory and honour, than

than what GEORGE or EDWARD would have spread around it.

But alas ! continued my father, as the greatest evil has befallen him—I must counteract and undo it with the greatest good.

He shall be christened *Trismegistus*, brother.

I wish it may answer—replied my uncle *Toby*, rising up.

C H A P. IX.

WHAT a chapter of chances, said my father, turning himself about upon the first landing, as he and my uncle *Toby* were going down stairs——what a long chapter of chances do the events

events of this world lay open to us !
 Take pen and ink in hand, brother *Toby*,
 and calculate it fairly—I know no more
 of calculations than this balluster, said
 my uncle *Toby*, (striking short of it with
 his crutch, and hitting my father a de-
 sperate blow fouse upon his shin-bone)—
 'Twas a hundred to one—cried my uncle
Toby.——I thought, quoth my father,
 (rubbing his shin) you had known
 nothing of calculations, brother *Toby*.
 —'Twas a meer chance, said my uncle
Toby—Then it adds one to the chapter
 —replied my father.

The double success of my father's re-
 partees tickled off the pain of his shin at
 once—it was well it so fell out—(chance !
 again)—or the world to this day had
 never known the subject of my father's
 calculation—to guess it—there was no
 chance

chance—What a lucky chapter of chances has this turned out ! for it has saved me the trouble of writing one express, and in truth I have anew already upon my hands without it——Have not I promised the world a chapter of knots ? two chapters upon the right and the wrong end of a woman ? a chapter upon whiskers ? a chapter upon wishes ?— a chapter of noses ?—No, I have done that—a chapter upon my uncle *Toby's* modesty : to say nothing of a chapter upon chapters, which I will finish before I sleep—by my great grandfather's whiskers, I shall never get half of 'em through this year.

Take pen and ink in hand, and calculate it fairly, brother *Toby*, said my father, and it will turn out a million to one, that of all the parts of the body, the edge
of

of the forceps should have the ill luck just to fall upon and break down that one part, which should break down the fortunes of our house with it.

It might have been worse, replied my uncle *Toby*—I don't comprehend, said my father—Suppose the hip had presented, replied my uncle *Toby*, as Dr. *Slop* foreboded.

My father reflected half a minute—looked down—touched the middle of his forehead slightly with his finger—

—True, said he.

CHAP.

C H A P. X.

IS it not a shame to make two chapters of what passed in going down one pair of stairs ? for we are got no farther yet than to the first landing, and there are fifteen more steps down to the bottom ; and for aught I know, as my father and my uncle *Toby* are in a talking humour, there may be as many chapters as steps ;—let that be as it will, Sir, I can no more help it than my destiny :—A sudden impulse comes across me——drop the curtain, *Shandy*——I drop it——Strike a line here across the paper, *Tristram*——I strike it——and hey for a new chapter ?

The duce of any other rule have I to govern myself by in this affair—and if I
had

had one—as I do all things out of all rule—I would twist it and tear it to pieces, and throw it into the fire when I had done—Am I warm? I am, and the cause demands it—a pretty story! is a man to follow rules—or rules to follow him?

Now this, you must know, being my chapter upon chapters, which I promised to write before I went to sleep, I thought it meet to ease my conscience entirely before I lay'd down, by telling the world all I knew about the matter at once: Is not this ten times better than to set out dogmatically with a sententious parade of wisdom, and telling the world a story of a roasted horse—that chapters relieve the mind—that they assist—or impose upon the imagination—and that in a work of this dramatic cast they are as necessary as

the shifting of scenes—with fifty other cold conceits, enough to extinguish the fire which roasted him.—O! but to understand this, which is a puff at the fire of *Diana's* temple—you must read *Longinus*—read away—if you are not a jot the wiser by reading him the first time over—never fear—read him again—*Avicenna* and *Licetus*, read *Aristotle's* metaphysicks forty times through a piece, and never understood a single word.—But mark the consequence—*Avicenna* turned out a desperate writer at all kinds of writing—for he wrote books *de omni scribili*; and for *Licetus* (*Fortunio*) though all the world knows he was born a fœtus *, of
no

* *Ce Fœtus n'étoit pas plus grand que la paume de la main; mais son pere l'ayant examiné en qualité de Médecin, & ayant trouvé que c'étoit quelque chose de plus qu'un Embryon, le fit transporter tout vivant à Rapallo, où il le fit voir à Jérôme Bardi*

no more than five inches and a half in length, yet he grew to that astonishing height in literature, as to write a book with a title as long as himself—the learned know I mean his *Gonopsychanthropologia*, upon the origin of the human soul.

So

Bardi & à d'autres Medecins du lieu. On trouva qu'il ne lui manquoit rien d'essentiel a la vie; & son pere pour faire voir un essai de son expérience, entreprit d'achever l'ouvrage de la Nature, & de travailler a la formation de l'Enfant avec le même artifice que celui dont on se sert pour faire éclore les Poulets en Egypte. Il instruisit une Nourisse de tout ce qu'elle avoit à faire, & ayant fait mettre son fil dans un four proprement accommodé, il reussit à l'élever et a lui faire prendre ses accroissemens necessaires, par l'uniformité d'une chaleur étrangère mesurée exactement sur les degrés d'un Thermomètre, ou d'un autre instrument équivalent. (Vide Mich. Giustinian, ne gli Scritt. Liguri á. Cart 223. 488.)

So much for my chapter upon chapters, which I hold to be the best chapter in my whole work ; and take my word, whoever reads it, is full as well employed, as in picking straws.

CH A P.

On auroit toujours été très-satisfait de l'industrie d'un Pere si experimenté dans l'Art de la Generation, quand il n'auroit pû prolonger la vie a son fils que pour quelques mois, ou pour peu d'années.

Mais quand on se represente que l'Enfant a vecu pres de quatre-vingts ans, & que il a composé quatre-vingts Ouvrages differents tous fruits d'une longue lecture,—il faut convenir que tout ce qui est incroyable n'est pas toujours faux, & que la *Vraisemblance n'est pas toujours du côté de la Verité.*

Il n'avoit que dix-neuf ans lors qu'il composa Gonopsychanthropologia de Origine Animæ humanæ.

(Les Enfans celebres, revûs & corriges par M. De la Monnoye de l'Academie Françoise.)

C H A P. XI.

WE shall bring all things to rights, said my father, setting his foot upon the first step from the landing—— This *Trismegistus*, continued my father, drawing his leg back, and turning to my uncle *Toby*—was the greatest (*Toby*) of all earthly beings—he was the greatest king—the greatest lawgiver—the greatest philosopher—and the greatest priest—— and engineer—said my uncle *Toby*.—

—In course, said my father.

C. H. A. P. XII.

—**A**ND how does your mistress ? cried my father, taking the same step over again from the landing, and calling to *Susannah*, whom he saw passing by the foot of the stairs with a huge pin-cushion in her hand—how does your mistress ? As well, said *Susannah*, tripping by, but without looking up, as can be expected—What a fool am I, said my father ! drawing his leg back again—let things be as they will, brother *Toby*, 'tis ever the precise answer—And how is the child, pray ?—No answer. And where is doctor *Slop* ? added my father, raising his voice aloud, and looking over the ballusters—*Susannah* was out of hearing.

Of

Of all the riddles of a married life, said my father, crossing the landing, in order to set his back against the wall, whilst he propounded it to my uncle *Toby*—of all the puzzling riddles, said he, in a marriage state,—of which you may trust me, brother *Toby*, there are more asses loads than all *Job's* stock of asses could have carried—there is not one that has more intricacies in it than this—that from the very moment the mistress of the house is brought to bed, every female in it, from my lady's gentlewoman down to the cinder-wench, becomes an inch taller for it; and give themselves more airs upon that single inch, than all their other inches put together.

I think rather, replied my uncle *Toby*, that 'tis we who sink an inch lower,—
If I meet but a woman with child—I do

it—'Tis a heavy tax upon that half of our fellow-creatures, brother *Skandy*, said my uncle *Toby*—'Tis a piteous burden upon 'em, continued he, shaking his head.—Yes, yes, 'tis a painful thing—said my father, shaking his head too—but certainly since shaking of heads came into fashion, never did two heads shake together, in concert, from two such different springs.

God bless } 'em all—said my uncle
Duce take } *Toby* and my father, each
to himself.

C H A P. XIII.

HOLLA!—you chairman!—here's sixpence—do step into that book-feller's shop, and call me a *day-tall* critick. I am very willing to give any
one

one of 'em a crown to help me with his tackling, to get my father and my uncle *Toby* off the stairs, and to put them to bed.—

—'Tis even high time ; for except a short nap, which they both got whilst *Trim* was boring the jack-boots—and which, by the bye, did my father no sort of good upon the score of the bad hinge—they have not else shut their eyes, since nine hours before the time that doctor *Slop* was led into the back parlour in that dirty pickle by *Obadiab*.

Was every day of my life to be as busy a day as this,—and to take up,—truce—

I will not finish that sentence till I have made an observation upon the strange
state

state of affairs between the reader and myself, just as things stand at present—an observation never applicable before to any one biographical writer since the creation of the world, but to myself—and I believe will never hold good to any other, until its final destruction—and therefore, for the very novelty of it alone, it must be worth your worships attending to.

I am this month one whole year older than I was this time twelve-month ; and having got, as you perceive, almost into the middle of my fourth volume—and no farther than to my first day's life—'tis demonstrative that I have three hundred and sixty-four days more life to write just now, than when I first set out ; so that instead of advancing, as a common writer, in my work with what I
have

have been doing at it—on the contrary, I am just thrown so many volumes back—was every day of my life to be as busy a day as this—And why not?—and the transactions and opinions of it to take up as much description—And for what reason should they be cut short? as at this rate I should just live 364 times faster than I should write—It must follow, an' please your worships, that the more I write, the more I shall have to write—and consequently, the more your worships read, the more your worships will have to read.

Will this be good for your worships eyes?

It will do well for mine; and, was it not that my OPINIONS will be the death of me, I perceive shall lead a fine life of it

it out of this self-same life of mine; or, in other words, shall lead a couple of fine lives together.

As for the proposal of twelve volumes a year, or a volume a month, it no way alters my prospect—write as I will, and rush as I may into the middle of things, as *Horace* advises,—I shall never overtake myself—whipp'd and driven to the last pinch, at the worst I shall have one day the start of my pen—and one day is enough for two volumes—and two volumes will be enough for one year.—

Heaven prosper the manufactures of paper under this propitious reign, which is now open'd to us,—as I trust its providence will prosper every thing else in it that is taken in hand.—

As for the propagation of Geese—I give myself no concern—Nature is all bountiful—I shall never want tools to work with.

—So then, friend! you have got my father and my uncle *Toby* off the stairs, and seen them to bed?—And how did you manage it?—You dropp'd a curtain at the stairs foot—I thought you had no other way for it—Here's a crown for your trouble.

C H A P. XIV.

—**T**HEN reach me my breeches off the chair, said my father to *Susannab*—There is a not a moment's time to dress you, Sir, cried *Susannab*—the child is as black in the face as my—
As

As your, what? said my father, for like all orators, he was a dear searcher into comparifons—Bless me, Sir, said *Susannab*, the child's in a fit—And where's Mr. *Yorick*—Never where he should be, said *Susannab*, but his curate's in the dressing-room, with the child upon his arm, waiting for the name—and my mistress bid me run as fast as I could to know, as captain *Shandy* is the godfather, whether it should not be called after him.

Were one sure, said my father to himself, scratching his eye-brow, that the child was expiring, one might as well compliment my brother *Toby* as not—and 'twould be a pity, in such a case, to throw away so great a name as *Trismegistus* upon him—But he may recover.

No,

L

No, no,—said my father to *Susannah*,
I'll get up——There is no time, cried
Susannah, the child's as black as my shoe.
Trismegistus, said my father— But stay
—thou art a leaky vessel, *Susannah*, ad-
ded my father ; canst thou carry *Trisme-*
gistus in thy head, the length of the gal-
lery without scattering—Can I? cried
Susannah, shutting the door in a huff—
If she can, I'll be shot, said my father,
bouncing out of bed in the dark, and
groping for his breeches.

Susannah ran with all speed along the
gallery.

My father made all possible speed to
find his breeches.

Susannah got the start, and kept it—
'Tis *Tris*—something, cried *Susannah*—
There]

There is no christian name in the world, said the curate, beginning with *Tris*—but *Tristram*. Then 'tis *Tristram-gistus*, quoth *Susannah*.

—There is no *gistus* to it, noodle!—'tis my own name, replied the curate, dipping his hand as he spoke into the basin—*Tristram*! said he, &c. &c. &c. &c. so *Tristram* was I called, and *Tristram* shall I be to the day of my death.

My father followed *Susannah* with his night-gown across his arm, with nothing more than his breeches on, fastened through haste with but a single button, and that button through haste thrust only half into the button-hole.

—She has not forgot the name, cried my father, half opening the door—No,
no,

no, said the curate, with a tone of intelligence—And the child is better, cried *Susannab*—And how does your mistress? As well, said *Susannab*, as can be expected—Pish! said my father, the button of his breeches slipping out of the button-hole—So that whether the interjection was levelled at *Susannab*, or the button-hole,—whether pish was an interjection of contempt or an interjection of modesty, is a doubt, and must be a doubt till I shall have time to write the three following favorite chapters, that is, my chapter of *chamber-maids*—my chapter of *pishes*, and my chapter of *button-holes*.

All the light I am able to give the reader at present is this, that the moment my father cried Pish! he whisk'd himself about—and with his breeches held up by one hand, and his night-gown

thrown across the arm of the other, he returned along the gallery to bed, something slower than he came.

C H A P. XV.

I Wish I could write a chapter upon sleep.

A fitter occasion could never have presented itself, than what this moment offers, when all the curtains of the family are drawn—the candles put out—and no creature's eyes are open but a single one, for the other has been shut these twenty years, of my mother's nurse.

It is a fine subject !

[And

And yet, as fine as it is, I would undertake to write a dozen chapters upon button-holes, both quicker and with more fame than a single chapter upon this.

Button-holes!—there is something lively in the very idea of 'em—and trust me, when I get amongst 'em — You gentry with great beards — look as grave as you will — I'll make merry work with my button-holes—I shall have 'em all to myself—'tis a maiden subject—I shall run foul of no man's wisdom or fine sayings in it.

But for sleep—I know I shall make nothing of it before I begin—I am no dab at your fine sayings in the first place—and in the next, I cannot for my soul

set a grave face upon a bad matter, and tell the world—'tis the refuge of the unfortunate—the enfranchisement of the prisoner—the downy lap of the hopeless, the weary and the broken-hearted; nor could I set out with a lye in my mouth, by affirming, that of all the soft and delicious functions of our nature, by which the great Author of it, in his bounty, has been pleased to recompence the sufferings wherewith his justice and his good pleasure has wearied us,—that this is the chiefest (I know pleasures worth ten of it) or what a happiness it is to man, when the anxieties and passions of the day are over, and he lays down upon his back, that his soul shall be so seated within him, that which ever way she turns her eyes, the heavens shall look calm and sweet above her—no desire—or fear—or doubt that troubles the air,
nor

nor any difficulty pass'd, present, or to come, that the imagination may not pass over without offence, in that sweet secession.

—“ God’s blessing, said *Sancho Panca*,
 “ be upon the man who first invented
 “ this self-same thing called sleep——it
 “ covers a man all over like a cloak.”
 Now there is more to me in this, and it speaks warmer to my heart and affections, than all the dissertations squeez’d out of the heads of the learned together upon the subject.

—Not that I altogether disapprove of what *Montaigne* advances upon it—’tis admirable in its way.—(I quote by memory.)

The world enjoys other pleasures, says he, as they do that of sleep, without tasting or feeling it as it slips and passes by—We should study and ruminate upon it, in order to render proper thanks to him who grants it to us—for this end I cause myself to be disturbed in my sleep, that I may the better and more sensibly relish it—And yet I see few, says he again, who live with less sleep when need requires; my body is capable of a firm, but not of a violent and sudden agitation—I evade of late all violent exercises—I am never weary with walking—but from my youth, I never liked to ride upon pavements. I love to lie hard and alone, and even without my wife—This last word may stagger the faith of the world—but remember, “La
 “ *Vraisemblance* (as *Baylet* says in the
 “ affair of *Liceti*) n’est pas toujours
 “ du

“du Côté de la Verité.” And so much for sleep.

C H A P. XVI.

IF my wife will but venture him— brother *Toby*, *Trismegistus* shall be drefs'd and brought down to us, whilst you, and I are getting our breakfasts together.—

—Go, tell *Susanna*, *Obadiab*, to step here.

She is run up stairs, answered *Obadiab*, this very instant, sobbing and crying, and wringing her hands as if her heart would break.—

We shall have a rare month of it, said my father, turning his head from *Obadiab*, and looking wistfully in my uncle *Toby*'s face for some time—we shall have a devilish month of it, brother *Toby*, said my father, setting his arms a-kimbo, and shaking his head; fire, water, women, wind—brother *Toby*!—'Tis some misfortune, quoth my uncle *Toby*—That it is, cried my father,—to have so many jarring elements breaking loose, and riding triumph in every corner of a gentleman's house—Little boots it to the peace of a family, brother *Toby*, that you and I possess ourselves, and sit here silent and unmoved,—whilst such a storm is whistling over our heads.——

—And what's the matter, *Susannah*? They have called the child *Tristram*—— and my mistress is just got out of an
hysterick

hysterick fit about it—No!—'tis not my fault, said *Susannab*—I told him it was *Tristram-gistus*.

—Make tea for yourself, brother *Toby*, said my father, taking down his hat—but how different from the fallies and agitations of voice and members which a common reader would imagine!

—For he spake in the sweetest modulation—and took down his hat with the gentlest movement of limbs, that ever affliction harmonized and attuned together.

—Go to the bowling-green for corporal *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, speaking to *Obadiab*, as soon as my father left the room.

C H A P.

C H A P. XVII.

WHEN the misfortune of my NOSE fell so heavily upon my father's head,—the reader remembers that he walked instantly up stairs, and cast himself down upon his bed; and from hence, unless he has a great insight into human nature, he will be apt to expect a rotation of the same ascending and descending movements from him, upon this misfortune of my NAME;—no.

The different weight, dear Sir,—nay even the different package of two vexations of the same weight,—makes a very wide difference in our manners of bearing and getting through with them.—It is
not

not half an hour ago, when (in the great hurry and precipitation of a poor devil's writing for daily bread) I threw a fair sheet, which I had just finished, and carefully wrote out, slap into the fire, instead of the foul one.

Instantly I snatch'd off my wig, and threw it perpendicularly, with all imaginable violence, up to the top of the room—indeed I caught it as it fell—but there was an end of the matter; nor do I think any thing else in *Nature*, would have given such immediate ease: She, dear Goddess, by an instantaneous impulse, in all *provoking cases*, determines us to a fall of this or that member—or else she thrusts us into this or that place, or posture of body, we know not why—But mark, madam, we live amongst riddles and mysteries—the most obvious things,

things, which come in our way, have dark sides, which the quickest sight cannot penetrate into; and even the clearest and most exalted understandings amongst us find ourselves puzzled and at a loss in almost every cranny of nature's works; so that this, like a thousand other things, falls out for us in a way, which tho' we cannot reason upon it,—yet we find the good of it, may it please your reverences and your worships—and that's enough for us.

Now, my father could not lie down with this affliction for his life—nor could he carry it up stairs like the other—He walked composedly out with it to the fish-pond.

Had my father leaned his head upon his hand, and reasoned an hour which way

way to have gone—reason, with all her force, could not have directed him to any thing like it: there is something, Sir, in fish-ponds—but what it is, I leave to system builders and fish pond diggers betwixt 'em to find out—but there is something, under the first disorderly transport of the humours, so unaccountably becalming in an orderly and a sober walk towards one of them, that I have often wondered that neither *Pythagoras*, nor *Plato*, nor *Solon*, nor *Licurgus*, nor *Mahomet*, nor any of your noted law-givers, ever gave order about them.

C H A P. XVIII.

YOUR honour, said *Trim*, shutting the parlour door before he began to speak, has heard, I imagine, of this
unlucky

unlucky accident——O yes, *Trim*! said my uncle *Toby*, and it gives me great concern—I am heartily concerned too, but I hope your honour, replied *Trim*, will do me the justice to believe, that it was not in the least owing to me—To thee—*Trim*!—cried my uncle *Toby*, looking kindly in his face—'twas *Susannab*'s and the curate's folly betwixt them—What business could they have together, an' please your honour, in the garden?—In the gallery, thou meanest, replied my uncle *Toby*.

Trim found he was upon a wrong scent, and stopped short with a low bow—Two misfortunes, quoth the corporal to himself, are twice as many at least as are needful to be talked over at one time,—the mischief the cow has done in breaking into the fortifications, may be
told

told his honour hereafter—*Trim's* casuistry and address, under the cover of his low bow, prevented all suspicion in my uncle *Toby*, so he went on with what he had to say to *Trim* as follows.

—For my own part, *Trim*, though I can see little or no difference betwixt my nephew's being called *Tristram* or *Trismegistus*—yet as the thing sits so near my brother's heart, *Trim*,—I would freely have given a hundred pounds rather than it should have happened—A hundred pounds, an' please your honour, replied *Trim*,—I would not give a cherry-stone to boot—Nor would I, *Trim*, upon my own account, quoth my uncle *Toby*—but my brother, whom there is no arguing with in this case—maintains that a great deal more depends, *Trim*, upon christian names, than what ignorant people imagine;

gine ;——for he says there never was a great or heroic action performed since the world began by one called *Tristram*——nay he will have it, *Trim*, that a man can neither be learned, or wise, or brave——’Tis all a fancy, an’ please your honour——I fought just as well, replied the corporal, when the regiment called me *Trim*, as when they called me *James Butler*——And for my own part, said my uncle *Toby*, though I should blush to boast of myself, *Trim*,——yet had my name been *Alexander*, I could have done no more at *Namur* than my duty——Bless your honour ! cried *Trim*, advancing three steps as he spoke, does a man think of his christian name when he goes upon the attack ?——Or when he stands in the trench, *Trim* ? cried my uncle *Toby*, looking firm——Or when he enters a breach ? said *Trim*, pushing in between two chairs——
Or

—Or forces the lines? cried my uncle, rising up, and pushing his crutch like a pike—Or facing a platoon, cried *Trim*, presenting his stick like a firelock—Or when he marches up the glacis, cried my uncle *Toby*, looking warm and setting his foot upon his stool.—

C H A P. XIX.

MY father was returned from his walk to the fish-pond—and opened the parlour-door in the very height of the attack, just as my uncle *Toby* was marching up the glacis—*Trim* recovered his arms—never was my uncle *Toby* caught riding at such a desperate rate in his life! Alas! my uncle *Toby*! had not a weightier matter called forth all the ready eloquence of my father—how hadst

thou then and thy poor HOBBY-HORSE too have been insulted !

My father hung up his hat with the same air he took it down ; and after giving a slight look at the disorder of the room, he took hold of one of the chairs which had formed the corporal's breach, and placing it over-against my uncle *Toby*, he sat down in it, and as soon as the tea-things were taken away and the door shut, he broke out in a lamentation as follows.

MY FATHER'S LAMENTATION.

IT is in vain longer, said my father, addressing himself as much to *Ernulfus's* curse, which was laid upon the corner of the chimney-piece,—as to my uncle *Toby* who sat under it—it is in vain longer, said

said my father, in the most querulous monotone imaginable, to struggle as I have done against this most uncomfortable of human persuasions—I see it plainly, that either for my own sins, brother *Toby*, or the sins and follies of the *Shandy*-family, heaven has thought fit to draw forth the heaviest of its artillery against me; and that the prosperity of my child is the point upon which the whole force of it is directed to play—Such a thing would batter the whole universe about our ears, brother *Shandy*, said my uncle *Toby*,—if it was so—Unhappy *Tristram*! child of wrath! child of decrepitude! interruption! mistake! and discontent! What one misfortune or disaster in the book of embryotic evils, that could unmechanize thy frame, or entangle thy filaments! which has not fallen upon thy head, or ever thou camest

into the world—what evils in thy passage into it!— What evils since!— produced into being, in the decline of thy father's days—when the powers of his imagination and of his body were waxing feeble—when radical heat and radical moisture, the elements which should have temper'd thine, were drying up; and nothing left to found thy stamina in, but negations—'tis pitiful—brother *Toby*, at the best, and called out for all the little helps that care and attention on both sides could give it. But how were we defeated! You know the event, brother *Toby*,—'tis too melancholy a one to be repeated now,—when the few animal spirits I was worth in the world, and with which memory, fancy, and quick parts should have been convey'd,—were all dispersed, confused, confounded, scattered, and sent to the devil.—

Here

Here then was the time to have put a stop to this persecution against him;—and tried an experiment at least—whether calmness and serenity of mind in your sister, with a due attention, brother *Toby*, to her evacuations and repletions—and the rest of her non-naturals, might not, in a course of nine months gestation, have set all things to rights.—My child was bereft of these!—What a teasing life did she lead herself, and consequently her fœtus too, with that nonsensical anxiety of hers about lying in in town? I thought my sister submitted with the greatest patience, replied my uncle *Toby*——I never heard her utter one fretful word about it.—She fumed inwardly, cried my father; and that, let me tell you, brother, was ten times worse for the child—and then! what battles did she fight with me, and what perpetual storms

about the midwife—There she gave vent, said my uncle *Toby*—Vent! cried my father, looking up—

But what was all this, my dear *Toby*, to the injuries done us by my child's coming head foremost into the world, when all I wished in this general wreck of his frame, was to have saved this little casket unbroke, unrifled—

With all my precautions, how was my system turned topside turvy in the womb with my child! his head exposed to the hand of violence, and a pressure of 470 pounds averdupois weight acting so perpendicularly upon its apex—that at this hour 'tis ninety *per Cent.* insurance, that the fine network of the intellectual web be not rent and torn to a thousand tatters.

—Still

—Still we could have done.—Fool, coxcomb, puppy—give him but a NOSE —Cripple, Dwarf, Driviller, Goosecap —(shape him as you will) the door of Fortune stands open—O *Licetus! Licetus!* had I been blest with a foetus five inches long and a half, like thee—fate might have done her worst.

Still, brother *Toby*, there was one cast of the dye left for our child after all—O *Tristram! Tristram! Tristram!*

We will send for Mr. *Yorick*, said my uncle *Toby*.

—You may send for whom you will, replied my father.

C H A P. XX.

WHAT a rate have I gone on at, curvetting and frisking it away, two up and two down for four volumes together, without looking once behind, or even on one side of me, to see whom I trod upon!—I'll tread upon no one,—'quoth I to myself when I mounted—I'll take a good rattling gallop; but I'll not hurt the poorest jack-ass upon the road—So off I set—up one lane—down another, through this turn-pike—over that, as if the arch-jockey of jockeys had got behind me.

Now ride at this rate with what good intention and resolution you may,—'tis a million to one you'll do some one a mischief,

mischief, if not yourself—He's flung—
 he's off—he's lost his seat—he's down—
 he'll break his neck—see!—if he has not
 galloped full amongst the scaffolding of
 the undertaking criticks!—he'll knock
 his brains out against some of their posts
 —he's bounced out!—look—he's now
 riding like a madcap full tilt through a
 whole crowd of painters, fiddlers, poets,
 biographers, physicians, lawyers, logi-
 cians, players, schoolmen, churchmen,
 statesmen, soldiers, casuists, connoisseurs,
 prelates, popes, and engineers—Don't
 fear, said I—I'll not hurt the poorest
 jack-ass upon the king's high-way—But
 your horse throws dirt; see you've splash'd
 a bishop—I hope in God, 'twas only
Ernulphus, said I—But you have squirted
 full in the faces of Mess. *Le Moyne*, *De*
Romigny, and *De Marcilly*, doctors of
 the Sorbonne—That was last year, re-
 I plied

plied I—But you have trod this moment upon a king.—Kings have bad times on't, said I, to be trod upon by such people as me.

—You have done it, replied my accuser.

I deny it, quoth I, and so have got off, and here am I standing with my bridle in one hand, and with my cap in the other, to tell my story—And what is it? You shall hear in the next chapter.

C H A P. XXI.

AS *Francis* the first of *France* was one winterly night warming himself over the embers of a wood fire, and talking with his first minister of sundry things

things for the good of the state—it would not be amiss, said the king, stirring up the embers with his cane, if this good understanding betwixt ourselves and *Switzerland* was a little strengthened—There is no end, Sire, replied the minister, in giving money to these people—they would swallow up the treasury of *France*—Poo! poo! answered the king—there are more ways, *Monf. le Premier*, of bribing states, besides that of giving money—I'll pay *Switzerland* the honour of standing godfather for my next child—Your majesty, said the minister, in so doing, would have all the grammarians in *Europe* upon your back;—*Switzerland*, as a republick, being a female, can in no construction be godfather—She may be godmother, replied *Francis*, hastily—so announce my intentions

* Vide *Menagiana*, vol. 1.

intentions by a courier to morrow morning.

I am astonished, said *Francis* the First, (that day fortnight) speaking to his minister as he entered the closet, that we have had no answer from *Switzerland*—Sire, I wait upon you this moment, said *Monf. le Premier*, to lay before you my dispatches upon that business.—They take it kindly? said the king—They do, Sire, replied the minister, and have the highest sense of the honour your majesty has done them—but the republick, as godmother, claims her right in this case, of naming the child.

In all reason, quoth the king—she will christen him *Francis*, or *Henry*, or *Lewis*, or some name that she knows will be agreeable to us. Your majesty is deceived,

ceived, replied the minister—I have this hour received a dispatch from our resident, with the determination of the republick on that point also—And what name has the republick fixed upon for the Dauphin?—*Shadrach, Mesech, and Abed-nego*, replied the minister—By saint *Peter's* girdle, I will have nothing to do with the *Swiss*, cried *Francis* the First, pulling up his breeches and walking hastily across the floor.

Your majesty, replied the minister calmly, cannot bring yourself off.

We'll pay them in money—said the king.

Sire, there are not sixty thousand crowns in the treasury, answered the minister——I'll pawn the best jewel in

in my crown, quoth *Francis* the First.

Your honour stands pawn'd already in this matter, answered *Monfieur le Premier*.

Then, *Monf. le Premier*, said the king, by——we'll go to war with 'em.

C H A P. XXII.

ALBEIT, gentle reader, I have lusted earnestly, and endeavoured carefully (according to the measure of such slender skill as God has vouchsafed me, and as convenient leisure from other occasions of needful profit and healthful pastime have permitted) that these little books, which I here put into thy hands,
might

might stand instead of many bigger books—yet have I carried myself towards thee in such fanciful guise of careless disport, that right sore am I ashamed now to entreat thy lenity seriously—in beseeching thee to believe it of me, that in the story of my father and his christen-names,—I had no thoughts of treading upon *Francis* the First—nor in the affair of the nose—upon *Francis* the Ninth—nor in the character of my uncle *Toby*—of characterizing the militiating spirits of my country—the wound upon his groin, is a wound to every comparison of that kind,—nor by *Trim*,—that I meant the duke of *Ormond*—or that my book is wrote against predestination, or free will, or taxes—If 'tis wrote against any thing, —'tis wrote, an' please your worships, against the spleen; in order, by a more

frequent and a more convulsive elevation and depression of the diaphragm, and the succussions of the intercostal and abdominal muscles in laughter, to drive the gall and other bitter juices from the gall bladder, liver and sweet-bread of his majesty's subjects, with all the inimicitious passions which belong to them, down into their duodenum.

C H A P. XXIII.

—**B**UT can the thing be undone, Yorick? said my father—for in my opinion, continued he, it cannot. I am a vile canonist, replied Yorick—but of all evils, holding suspense to be the most tormenting, we shall at least know the worst of this matter. I hate these great dinners—said my father—The size of
of

of the dinner is not the point, answered *Yorick*—we want, Mr. *Skandy*, to dive into the bottom of this doubt, whether the name can be changed or not—and as the beards of so many commissaries, officials, advocates, proctors, registers, and of the most able of our school-divines, and others, are all to meet in the middle of one table, and *Didius* has so pressinglly invited you,—who in your distress would miss such an occasion? All that is requisite, continued *Yorick*, is to apprize *Didius*, and let him manage a conversation after dinner so as to introduce the subject—Then my brother *Toby*, cried my father, clapping his two hands together, shall go with us.

—Let my old tye wig, quoth my uncle *Toby*, and my laced regimentals, be hung to the fire all night, *Trim*.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXV.

—**N**O doubt, Sir—there is a whole chapter wanting here—and a chasm of ten pages made in the book by it—but the book-binder is neither a fool, or a knave, or a puppy—nor is the book a jot more imperfect, (at least upon that score)—but, on the contrary, the book is more perfect and complete by wanting the chapter, than having it, as I shall demonstrate to your reverences in this manner—I question first by the bye, whether the same experiment might not be made as successfully upon sundry other chapters—but there is no end, an' please your reverences, in trying experiments upon chapters—we have had

enough of it—So there's an end of that matter.

But before I begin my demonstration, let me only tell you, that the chapter which I have torn out, and which otherwise you would all have been reading just now, instead of this,—was the description of my father's, my uncle *Toby's*, *Trim's*, and *Obadiab's* setting out and journeying to the visitations at ****.

We'll go in the coach, said my father—Prithee, have the arms been altered, *Obadiab*?—It would have made my story much better, to have begun with telling you, that at the time my mother's arms were added to the *Skandy's*, when the coach was repainted upon my father's marriage, it had so fallen out, that the coach painter, whether by performing
all

all his works with the left-hand, like *Turpilius* the Roman, or *Hans Holkein* of *Bafil*—or whether 'twas more from the blunder of his head than hand—or whether, lastly, it was from the sinister turn, which every thing relating to our family was apt to take—It so fell out, however, to our reproach, that instead of the *bend dexter*, which since *Harry* the Eighth's reign was honestly our due—a *bend sinister*, by some of these fatalities, had been drawn quite across the field of the *Shandy*-arms. 'Tis scarce credible that the mind of so wise a man as my father was, could be so much incommoded with so small a matter. The word coach—let it be whose it would—or coach-man, or coach-horse, or coach-hire, could never be named in the family, but he constantly complained of carrying this vile mark of *Illegitimacy* upon the door of his own ;

he never once was able to step into the coach, or out of it, without turning round to take a view of the arms, and making a vow at the same time, that it was the last time he would ever set his foot in it again, till the *bend-sinister* was taken out—but like the affair of the hinge, it was one of the many things which the *Destinies* had set down in their books—ever to be grumbled at. (and in wiser families than ours)—but never to be mended.

—Has the *bend-sinister* been brush'd out, I say? said my father—There has been nothing brush'd out, Sir, answered *Obadiab*, but the lining. We'll go o'horse-back, said my father, turning to *Yorick*—Of all things in the world, except politicks, the clergy know the least of heraldry, said *Yorick*—No matter for that,

that, cried my father—I should be sorry to appear with a blot in my escutcheon before them——Never mind the *bend-sinister*, said my uncle *Toby*, putting on his tye-wig—No, indeed, said my father,—you may go with my aunt *Dinah* to a visitation with a *bend-sinister*, if you think fit—My poor uncle *Toby* blush'd. My father was vexed at himself—No—my dear brother *Toby*, said my father, changing his tone—but the damp of the coach-lining about my loins, may give me the Sciatica again, as it did *December, January, and February* last winter—so if you please you shall ride my wife's pad—and as you are to preach, *Torick*, you had better make the best of your way before,—and leave me to take care of my brother *Toby*, and to follow at our own rates.

Now the chapter I was obliged to tear out, was the description of this cavalcade, in which corporal *Trim* and *Obadiab*, upon two coach-horses a-breast, led the way as slow as a patrolle—whilst my uncle *Toby*, in his laced regimentals and tye-wig, kept his rank with my father, in deep roads and dissertations alternately upon the advantage of learning and arms, as each could get the start.

—But the painting of this journey, upon reviewing it, appears to be so much above the stile and manner of any thing else I have been able to paint in this book, that it could not have remained in it, without depreciating every other scene; and destroying at the same time that necessary equipoise and balance, (whether of good or bad) betwixt chapter and chapter, from whence the just proportions

proportions and harmony of the whole work results. For my own part, I am but just set up in the business, so know little about it—but, in my opinion, to write a book is for all the world like humming a song—be but in tune with yourself, madam, 'tis no matter how high or how low you take it.—

—This is the reason, may it please your reverences, that some of the lowest and flattest compositions pass off very well—(as *Yorick* told my uncle *Toby* one night) by siege—My uncle *Toby* looked brisk at the sound of the word *siege*, but could make neither head or tail of it.

I'm to preach at court next Sunday, said *Homenas*—run over my notes—so I humm'd over doctor *Homenas's* notes—the modulation's very well—'twill do,
Homenas,

Homenas, if it holds on at this rate—so on I humm'd—and a tolerable tune I thought it was ; and to this hour, may it please your reverences, had never found out how low, how flat, how spiritless and jejune it was, but that all of a sudden, up started an air in the middle of it, so fine, so rich, so heavenly—it carried my soul up with it into the other world ; now had I, (as *Montaigne* complained in a parallel accident)—had I found the declivity easy, or the ascent accessible—certes I had been outwitted—Your notes, *Homenas*, I should have said, are good notes,—but it was so perpendicular a precipice—so wholly cut off from the rest of the work, that by the first note I humm'd, I found myself flying into the other world, and from thence discovered the vale from whence I came, so deep, so low, and dismal,
that

that I shall never have the heart to descend into it again.

☞ A dwarf who brings a standard along with him to measure his own size—take my word, is a dwarf in more articles than one—And so much for tearing out of chapters.

C H A P. XXVI.

—SEE if he is not cutting it all into slips, and giving them about him to light their pipes!—'Tis abominable, answered *Didius*; it should not go unnoticed, said doctor *Kysarcius*—☞ he was of the *Kysarcij* of the low countries.

Methinks, said *Didius*, half rising from his chair, in order to remove a
bottle

bottle and a tall decanter, which stood in a direct line betwixt him and *Yorick*—you might have spared this sarcastick stroke, and have hit upon a more proper place, Mr. *Yorick*—or at least upon a more proper occasion to have shewn your contempt of what we have been about : If the Sermon is of no better worth than to light pipes with—'twas certainly, Sir, not good enough to be preached before so learned a body ; and if 'twas good enough to be preached before so learned a body—'twas certainly, Sir, too good to light their pipes with afterwards.

—I have got him fast hung up, quoth *Didius* to himself, upon one of the two horns of my dilemma—let him get off as he can.

I have

I have undergone such unspeakable torments, in bringing forth this sermon, quoth *Yorick*, upon this occasion,—that I declare, *Didius*, I would suffer martyrdom—and if it was possible my horse with me, a thousand times over, before I would sit down and make such another: I was delivered of it at the wrong end of me—it came from my head instead of my heart—and it is for the pain it gave me, both in the writing and preaching of it, that I revenge myself of it, in this manner.—To preach, to shew the extent of our reading, or the subtleties of our wit—to parade it in the eyes of the vulgar with the beggarly accounts of a little learning, tinsel'd over with a few words which glitter, but convey little light and less warmth—is a dishonest use of the poor single half hour in a week which is put into our hands—'Tis not preaching
the

the gospel—but ourselves—For my own part, continued *Yorick*, I had rather direct five words point blank to the heart—

As *Yorick* pronounced the word *point blank*, my uncle *Toby* rose up to say something upon projectiles——when a single word, and no more, uttered from the opposite side of the table, drew every one's ears towards it—a word of all others in the dictionary the last in that place to be expected—a word I am ashamed to write—yet must be written—must be read;—illegal—uncanonical—guess ten thousand guesses, multiplied into themselves—rack—torture your invention for ever, you're where you was—In short, I'll tell it in the next chapter.

C H A P. XXVII.

ZOUNDS! —————

————— Z——ds! cried *Phu-*
tatorius, partly to himself—and yet high
 enough to be heard—and what seemed
 odd, 'twas uttered in a construction of
 look, and in a tone of voice, somewhat
 between that of a man in amazement,
 and of one in bodily pain.

One or two who had very nice ears,
 and could distinguish the expression and
 mixture of the two tones as plainly as a
third or a *fifth*, or any other chord in
 music—were the most puzzled and per-
 plexed with it—the *concord* was good in
 itself—but then 'twas quite out of the
 key,

key, and no way applicable to the subject started;—so that with all their knowledge, they could not tell what in the world to make of it.

Others who knew nothing of musical expression, and merely lent their ears to the plain import of the *word*, imagined that *Pbutatorius*, who was somewhat of a cholerick spirit, was just going to snatch the cudgels out of *Didius's* hands, in order to bemawl *Torick* to some purpose—and that the desperate monosyllable *Z—ds* was the exordium to an oration, which, as they judged from the sample, presaged but a rough kind of handling of him; so that my uncle *Toby's* good nature felt a pang for what *Torick* was about to undergo. But seeing *Pbutatorius* stop short, without any attempt or desire to go on—a third party began to suppose,
 3 that

that it was no more than an involuntary respiration, casually forming itself into the shape of a twelve-penny oath—without the sin or substance of one.

Others, and especially one or two who sat next him, looked upon it on the contrary, as a real and substantial oath properly formed against *Yorick*, to whom he was known to bear no good liking—which said oath, as my father philosophized upon it, actually lay fretting and fuming at that very time in the upper regions of *Phutatorius*'s purtenance; and so was naturally, and according to the due course of things, first squeezed out by the sudden influx of blood, which was driven into the right ventricle of *Phutatorius*'s heart, by the stroke of surprise which so strange a theory of preaching had excited.

How finely we argue upon mistaken facts!

There was not a soul busied in all these various reasonings upon the monosyllable which *Pbutatorius* uttered,—who did not take this for granted, proceeding upon it as from an axiom, namely, that *Pbutatorius's* mind was intent upon the subject of debate which was arising between *Didius* and *Yorick*; and indeed as he looked first towards the one, and then towards the other, with the air of a man listening to what was going forwards,—who would not have thought the same? But the truth was, that *Pbutatorius* knew not one word or one syllable of what was passing—but his whole thoughts and attention were taken up with a transaction which was going forwards at that very instant within the precincts of his own

Galli-

Galligaskins, and in a part of them, where of all others he stood most interested to watch accidents: So that notwithstanding he looked with all the attention in the world, and had gradually skrewed up every nerve and muscle in his face, to the utmost pitch the instrument would bear, in order, as it was thought, to give a sharp reply to *Yorick*, who sat over-against him—Yet I say, was *Yorick* never once in any one domicile of *Phutatorius's* brain—but the true cause of his exclamation lay at least a yard below.

This I will endeavour to explain to you with all imaginable decency.

You must be informed then, that *Gastripheres*, who had taken a turn into the kitchen a little before dinner, to see how things went on—observing a wicker-

M 2

basket

basket of fine chesnuts standing upon the dresser, had ordered that a hundred or two of them might be roasted and sent in, as soon as dinner was over—*Gastripheres* enforcing his orders about them, that *Didius*, but *Phutatorius* especially, were particularly fond of 'em.

About two minutes before the time that my uncle *Toby* interrupted *Yorick's* harangue—*Gastripheres's* chesnuts were brought in—and as *Phutatorius's* fondness for 'em, was uppermost in the waiter's head, he laid them directly before *Phutatorius*, wrapt up hot in a clean damask napkin.

Now whether it was physically impossible, with half a dozen hands all thrust into the napkin at a time—but that some one chesnut, of more life and rotundity
than

than the rest, must be put in motion—it so fell out, however, that one was actually sent rolling off the table; and as *Pbutatorius* sat straddling under—it fell perpendicularly into that particular aperture of *Pbutatorius*'s breeches, for which, to the shame and indelicacy of our language be it spoke, there is no chaste word throughout all *Johnson's* dictionary—let it suffice to say—it was that particular aperture, which in all good societies, the laws of decorum do strictly require, like the temple of *Janus* (in peace at least) to be universally shut up.

The neglect of this punctilio in *Pbutatorius* (which by the bye should be a warning to all mankind) had opened a door to this accident.—

—Accident, I call it, in compliance to a received mode of speaking,—but in no opposition to the opinion either of *Acrites* or *Mythogeras* in this matter; I know they were both prepossessed and fully persuaded of it—and are so to this hour, That there was nothing of accident in the whole event—but that the chesnut's taking that particular course, and in a manner of its accord—and then falling with all its heat directly into that one particular place, and no other——was a real judgment upon *Pbutatorius*, for that filthy and obscene treatise *de Concubinis retinendis*, which *Pbutatorius* had published about twenty years ago—and was that identical week going to give the world a second edition of.

It is not my business to dip my pen in this controversy——much undoubtedly
may

may be wrote on both sides of the question—all that concerns me as an historian, is to represent the matter of fact, and render it credible to the reader, that the hiatus in *Pbutatorius's* breeches was sufficiently wide to receive the chesnut;—and that the chesnut, some how or other, did fall perpendicularly and piping hot into it, without *Pbutatorius's* perceiving it, or any one else at that time.

The genial warmth which the chesnut imparted, was not undeleactable for the first twenty or five and twenty seconds,—and did no more than gently solicit *Pbutatorius's* attention towards the part:—But the heat gradually increasing, and in a few seconds more getting beyond the point of all sober pleasure, and then advancing with all speed into the regions of pain,—the soul of *Pbutatorius*, toge-

ther with all his ideas, his thoughts, his attention, his imagination, judgment, resolution, deliberation, ratiocination, memory, fancy, with ten batallions of animal spirits, all tumultuously crouded down, through different defiles and circuits, to the place in danger, leaving all his upper regions, as you may imagine, as empty as my purse.

With the best intelligence which all these messengers could bring him back, *Phutatorius* was not able to dive into the secret of what was going forwards below, nor could he make any kind of conjecture, what the devil was the matter with it : However, as he knew not what the true cause might turn out, he deemed it most prudent, in the situation he was in at present, to bear it, if possible, like a stoick ; which, with the help of some
wry

wry faces and compursions of the mouth, he had certainly accomplished, had his imagination continued neuter—but the fallies of the imagination are ungovernable in things of this kind—a thought instantly darted into his mind, that tho' the anguish had the sensation of glowing heat—it might, notwithstanding that, be a bite as well as a burn; and if so, that possibly a *Newt* or an *Asker*, or some such detested reptile, had crept up, and was fastening his teeth—the horrid idea of which, with a fresh glow of pain arising that instant from the chesnut, seized *Pbutatorius* with a sudden panick, and in the first terrifying disorder of the passion it threw him, as it has done the best generals upon earth, quite off his guard;—the effect of which was this, that he leapt incontinently up, uttering as he rose that interjection of surprise so much

much discanted upon, with the aposiopestic-break after it, marked thus, Z——ds—— which, though not strictly canonical, was still as little as any man could have said upon the occasion;—— and which, by the bye, whether canonical or not, *Phutatorius* could no more help than he could the cause of it.

Though this has taken up some time in the narrative, it took up little more time in the transaction, than just to allow time for *Phutatorius* to draw forth the chesnut, and throw it down with violence upon the floor—and for *Yorick*, to rise from his chair, and pick the chesnut up.

It is curious to observe the triumph of slight incidents over the mind:—What incredible weight they have in forming
and

and governing our opinions, both of men and things,—that trifles light as air, shall waft a belief into the soul, and plant it so immoveably within it,—that *Euclid's* demonstrations, could they be brought to batter it in breach, should not all have power to overthrow it.

Yorick, I said, picked up the chesnut which *Pbutatorius's* wrath had flung down—the action was trifling—I am ashamed to account for it—he did it, for no reason, but that he thought the chesnut not a jot worse for the adventure—and that he held a good chesnut worth stooping for.—But this incident, trifling as it was, wrought differently in *Pbutatorius's* head: He considered this act of *Yorick's*, in getting off his chair, and picking up the chesnut, as a plain acknowledgment in him, that the ches-

nut

nut was originally his,—and in course, that it must have been the owner of the chesnut, and no one else, who could have plaid him such a prank with it: What greatly confirmed him in this opinion, was this, that the table being parallelogramical and very narrow, it afforded a fair opportunity for *Yorick*, who sat directly over-against *Pbutatorius*, of slipping the chesnut in—and consequently that he did it. The look of something more than suspicion, which *Pbutatorius* cast full upon *Yorick* as these thoughts arose, too evidently spoke his opinion—and as *Pbutatorius* was naturally supposed to know more of the matter than any person besides, his opinion at once became the general one;—and for a reason very different from any which have been yet given—in a little time it was put out of all manner of dispute.

When

When great or unexpected events fall out upon the stage of this sublunary world—the mind of man, which is an inquisitive kind of a substance, naturally takes a flight, behind the scenes, to see what is the cause and first spring of them—The search was not long in this instance.

It was well known that *Yorick* had never a good opinion of the treatise which *Pbutatorius* had wrote *de Concubinis retinendis*, as a thing which he feared had done hurt in the world—and 'twas easily found out, that there was a mystical meaning in *Yorick's* prank—and that his chucking the chefnut hot into *Pbutatorius's* ***—*****, was a sarcastical fling at his book—the doctrines of which, they said, had inflamed many an honest man in the same place.

This

This conceit awaken'd *Somnolentus*—made *Agelastes* smile—and if you can recollect the precise look and air of a man's face intent in finding out a riddle—it threw *Gastripheres*'s into that form—and in short was thought by many to be a master-stroke of arch-wit.

This, as the reader has seen from one end to the other, was as groundless as the dreams of philosophy: *Xorick*, no doubt, as *Shakespeare* said of his ancestor — “*was a man of jest*,” but it was temper'd with something which withheld him from that, and many other ungracious pranks, of which he as undeservedly bore the blame;—but it was his misfortune all his life long to bear the imputation of saying and doing a thousand things of which (unless my esteem blinds me) his nature was incapable. All I
blame

blame him for—or rather, all I blame and alternately like him for, was that singularity of his temper, which would never suffer him to take pains to set a story right with the world, however in his power. In every ill usage of that sort, he acted precisely as in the affair of his lean horse—he could have explained it to his honour, but his spirit was above it; and besides he ever looked upon the inventor, the propagator and believer of an illiberal report alike so injurious to him,—he could not stoop to tell his story to them—and so trusted to time and truth to do it for him.

This heroic cast produced him inconveniences in many respects—in the present, it was followed by the fixed resentment of *Phutatorius*, who, as *Yorick* had just made an end of his chesnut, rose up
from

from his chair a second time, to let him know it—which indeed he did with a smile; saying only—that he would endeavour not to forget the obligation.

But you must mark and carefully separate and distinguish these two things in your mind.

—The smile was for the company.

—The threat was for *Norick*.

C H A P. XXVIII.

—**C**AN you tell me, quoth *Phutatorius*, speaking to *Gastripheres* who sat next to him,—for one would not apply to a surgeon in so foolish an affair,—can you tell me, *Gastripheres*,
what

what is best to take out the fire?—Ask *Eugenius*, said *Gastripheres*—That greatly depends, said *Eugenius*, pretending ignorance of the adventure, upon the nature of the part—If it is a tender part, and a part which can conveniently be wrapt up—It is both the one and the other, replied *Phutatorius*, laying his hand as he spoke, with an emphatical nod of his head upon the part in question, and lifting up his right leg at the same time to ease and ventilate it—If that is the case, said *Eugenius*, I would advise you, *Phutatorius*, not to tamper with it by any means ; but if you will send to the next printer, and trust your cure to such a simple thing as a soft sheet of paper just come off the press—you need do nothing more than twist it round—The damp paper, quoth *Xorick* (who sat next to his friend *Eugenius*) though I know it

has a refreshing coolness in it—yet I presume is no more than the vehicle—and that the oil and lamp-black with which the paper is so strongly impregnated, does the business—Right, said *Eugenius*, and is of any outward application I would venture to recommend the most anodyne and safe.

Was it my case, said *Gastripheres*, as the main thing is the oil and lamp-black, I should spread them thick upon a rag, and clap it on directly. That would make a very devil of it, replied *Yorick*—And besides, added *Eugenius*, it would not answer the intention, which is the extreame neatness and elegance of the prescription, which the faculty hold to be half in half—for consider, if the type is a very small one, (which it should be) the sanative particles, which come into
contact

contact in this form, have the advantage of being spread so infinitely thin and with such a mathematical equality (fresh paragraphs and large capitals excepted) as no art or management of the spatula can come up to. It falls out very luckily, replied *Pbutatorius*, that the second edition of my treatise *de Concubinis retinendis*, is at this instant in the press—You may take any leaf of it, said *Eugenius*—No matter which—provided, quoth *Torick*, there is no bawdry in it—

They are just now, replied *Pbutatorius*, printing off the ninth chapter—which is the last chapter but one in the book—Pray what is the title to that chapter, said *Torick*, making a respectful bow to *Pbutatorius* as he spoke—I think, answered *Pbutatorius*, 'tis that, *de re concubinariâ*.

For heaven's sake keep out of that chapter, quoth *Yorick*.

—By all means—added *Eugenius*.

C H A P. XXIX.

—**N**OW, quoth *Didius*, rising up, and laying his right-hand with his fingers spread upon his breast—had such a blunder about a christian-name happened before the reformation—(It happened the day before yesterday, quoth my uncle *Toby* to himself) and when baptism was administer'd in *Latin*—('Twas all in *English*, said my uncle) —Many things might have coincided with it, and upon the authority of sundry decreed cases, to have pronounced the baptism null, with a power of giving
the

the child a new name—Had a priest, for instance, which was no uncommon thing, through ignorance of the *Latin* tongue, baptized a child of Tom-o'Stiles, *in nomino patriæ & filia & spiritum sanctos*,—the baptism was held null—I beg your pardon, replied *Kysarcius*,—in that case, as the mistake was only in the *terminations*, the baptism was valid—and to have rendered it null, the blunder of the priest should have fallen upon the first syllable of each noun—and not, as in your case, upon the last.—

My father delighted in subtleties of this kind, and listen'd with infinite attention.

Gastripheres, for example, continued *Kysarcius*, baptizes a child of *John Stradling's*, in *Gomine gattris, &c. &c.*

instead of *in Nomine patris, &c.*—Is this a baptism? No,—say the ablest cano-
nists; inasmuch as the *radix* of each
word is hereby torn up, and the sense
and meaning of them removed and
changed quite to another object; for
Gomine does not signify a name, nor
gattris a father—What do they signify?
said my uncle *Toby*—Nothing at all—
quoth *Torick*—Ergo, such a baptism is
null, said *Kysarcus*—In course, answered
Torick, in a tone two parts jest and one
part earnest—

But in the case cited, continued *Kysar-*
cus, where *patrim* is put for *patris*, *filia*
for *filijs*, and so on—as it is a fault only
in the declension, and the roots of the
words continue untouch'd, the inflexions
of their branches, either this way or
that, does not in any sort hinder the
baptism,

baptism, inasmuch as the same sense continues in the words as before—But then, said *Didius*, the intention of the priest's pronouncing them grammatically, must have been proved to have gone along with it—Right, answered *Kysarcius*; and of this, brother *Didius*, we have an instance in a decree of the decretals of Pope *Leo* the III^d.—But my brother's child, cried my uncle *Toby*, has nothing to do with the Pope—'tis the plain child of a Protestant gentleman, christen'd *Tristram* against the wills and wishes both of its father and mother, and all who are a-kin to it—

If the wills and wishes, said *Kysarcius*, interrupting my uncle *Toby*, of those only who stand related to Mr. *Skandy's* child, were to have weight in this matter, Mrs. *Skandy*, of all people, has the

least to do in it—My uncle *Toby* lay'd down his pipe, and my father drew his chair still closer to the table to hear the conclusion of so strange an introduction.

It has not only been a question, captain *Shandy*, amongst the * best lawyers and civilians in this land, continued *Kysarcius*, “*Whether the mother be of kin to her child,*” —but after much dispassionate enquiry and jactitation of the arguments on all sides,—it has been adjudged for the negative,—namely, “*That the mother is not of kin to her child*†.” My father instantly clapp'd his hand upon my uncle *Toby*'s mouth, under colour of whispering in his ear—the truth was, he was alarmed for *Lillabullero*—and having a great desire to hear more of

* Vid Swinburn on Testaments, Part 7. § 8.

† Vid. Brook Abridg. Tit. Administr. N. 47.

of so curious an argument—he begg'd my uncle *Toby*, for heaven's sake, not to disappoint him in it—My uncle *Toby* gave a nod—resumed his pipe, and contenting himself with whistling *Lillabullero* inwardly—*Kysarcius*, *Didius*, and *Triptolemus* went on with the discourse as follows.

This determination, continued *Kysarcius*, how contrary soever it may seem to run to the stream of vulgar ideas, yet had reason strongly on its side; and has been put out of all manner of dispute from the famous case, known commonly by the name of the Duke of *Sussex's* case:—It is cited in *Brook*, said *Triptolemus*—And taken notice of by Lord *Coke*, added *Didius*—And you may find it in *Swinburn* on Testaments, said *Kysarcius*.

The

The case, Mr. *Sbandy*, was this.

In the reign of *Edward* the Sixth, *Charles* Duke of *Suffolk* having issue a son by one venter, and a daughter by another venter, made his last will, wherein he devised goods to his son, and died ; after whose death the son died also—but without will, without wife, and without child—his mother and his sister by the father's side (for she was born of the former venter) then living. The mother took the administration of her son's goods, according to the statute of the 21st of *Harry* the Eighth, whereby it is enacted, That in case any person die intestate, the administration of his goods shall be committed to the next of kin.

The

The administration being thus (surreptitiously) granted to the mother, the sister by the father's side commenced a suit before the Ecclesiastical Judge, alleging, 1st, That she herself was next of kin; and 2dly, That the mother was not of kin at all to the party deceased; and therefore pray'd the court, that the administration granted to the mother might be revoked, and be committed unto her, as next of kin to the deceased, by force of the said statute.

Hereupon, as it was a great cause, and much depending upon its issue—and many causes of great property likely to be decided in times to come, by the precedent to be then made—the most learned, as well in the laws of this realm, as in the civil law, were consulted together, whether the mother was of kin to her

her son, or no.—Whereunto not only the temporal lawyers—but the church-lawyers—the juris-consulti—the juris-prudentes—the civilians—the advocates—the commissaries—the judges of the consistory and prerogative courts of *Canterbury* and *York*, with the master of the faculties, were all unanimously of opinion, That the mother was not of * kin to her child—

And what said the Duchess of *Suffolk* to it? said my uncle *Toby*.

The unexpectedness of my uncle *Toby*'s question, confounded *Kysarcius* more than the ablest advocate——He stopp'd a full minute, looking in my uncle *Toby*'s face without replying——
and

* *Mater non numeratur inter consanguineos.*
Bald. in ult. C. de Verb. signific.

and in that single minute *Triptolemus* put by him, and took the lead as follows.

'Tis a ground and principle in the law, said *Triptolemus*, that things do not ascend, but descend in it; and I make no doubt 'tis for this cause, that however true it is, that the child may be of the blood or seed of its parents—that the parents, nevertheless, are not of the blood and seed of it; inasmuch as the parents are not begot by the child, but the child by the parents—For so they write, *Liberi sunt de sanguine patris & matris, sed pater et mater non sunt de sanguine liberorum.*

—But this, *Triptolemus*, cried *Didius*, proves too much—for from this authority cited it would follow, not only what indeed is granted on all sides,
that

that the mother is not of kin to her child—but the father likewise——It is held, said *Triptolemus*, the better opinion; because the father, the mother, and the child, though they be three persons, yet are they but (*una caro* *) one flesh; and consequently no degree of kindred—or any method of acquiring one *in nature*—There you push the argument again too far, cried *Didius*—for there is no prohibition *in nature*, though there is in the levitical law,—but that a man may beget a child upon his grandmother—in which case, supposing the issue a daughter, she would stand in relation both of——But who ever thought, cried *Kysarcius*, of laying with his grandmother?——The young gentleman, replied *Yorick*, whom *Selden* speaks of—who not only thought of it, but

* Vide Brook Abridg. tit. Administr. N. 47.

but justified his intention to his father by the argument drawn from the law of retaliation — “ You lay’d, Sir, “ with my mother, said the lad— why “ may not I lay with yours ? ” — ’Tis the *Argumentum commune*, added *Yorick*. — ’Tis as good, replied *Eugenius*, taking down his hat, as they deserve.

The company broke up—

C H A P. XXX.

— **A**ND pray, said my uncle *Toby*, leaning upon *Yorick*, as he and my father were helping him leisurely down the stairs—don’t be terrified, madam, this stair-case conversation is not so long as the last—And pray, *Yorick*, said my uncle *Toby*, which way is this
said

said affair of *Tristram* at length settled by these learned men? Very satisfactorily, replied *Yorick*; no mortal, Sir, has any concern with it—for Mrs. *Shandy* the mother is nothing at all akin to him—and as the mother's is the surest side—Mr. *Shandy*, in course, is still less than nothing—In short, he is not as much akin to him, Sir, as I am—

—That may well be, said my father, shaking his head.

—Let the learned say what they will, there must certainly, quoth my uncle *Toby*, have been some sort of consanguinity betwixt the duchess of *Suffolk* and her son—

The vulgar are of the same opinion, quoth *Yorick*, to this hour.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXXI.

THOUGH my father was hugely tickled with the subtleties of these learned discourses—'twas still but like the anointing of a broken bone—The moment he got home, the weight of his afflictions returned upon him but so much the heavier, as is ever the case when the staff we lean on slips from under us—He became pensive—walked frequently forth to the fish-pond—let down one loop of his hat—sigh'd often—forbore to snap—and, as the hasty sparks of temper, which occasion snapping, so much assist perspiration and digestion, as *Hippocrates* tells us—he had certainly fallen ill with the extinction of them, had not his thoughts been criti-

cally drawn off, and his health rescued by a fresh train of disquietudes left him, with a legacy of a thousand pounds by my aunt *Dinah*—

My father had scarce read the letter, when taking the thing by the right end, he instantly begun to plague and puzzle his head how to lay it out mostly to the honour of his family—A hundred and fifty odd projects took possession of his brains by turns—he would do this, and that, and to'ther—He would go to *Rome*—he would go to law—he would buy stock—he would buy *John Hobson's* farm—he would new fore-front his house, and add a new wing to make it even—There was a fine water-mill on this side, and he would build a wind-mill on the other side of the river in full view to answer it—But above all things

things in the world, he would inclose the great *Ox-moor*, and send out my brother *Bobby* immediately upon his travels.

But as the sum was *finite*, and consequently could not do every thing—and in truth very few of these to any purpose,—of all the projects which offered themselves upon this occasion, the two last seemed to make the deepest impression; and he would infallibly have determined upon both at once, but for the small inconvenience hinted at above, which absolutely put him under a necessity of deciding in favour either of the one or the other.

This was not altogether so easy to be done; for though 'tis certain my father had long before set his heart upon this necessary part of my brother's education,

and like a prudent man had actually determined to carry it into execution, with the first money that returned from the second creation of actions in the *Mississippi*-scheme, in which he was an adventurer—yet the *Ox-moor*, which was a fine, large, whinny, undrained, unimproved common, belonging to the *Sbandy*-estate, had almost as old a claim upon him: He had long and affectionately set his heart upon turning it likewise to some account.

But having never hitherto been pressed with such a conjuncture of things, as made it necessary to settle either the priority or justice of their claims,—like a wise man he had refrained entering into any nice or critical examination about them: So that upon the dismissal of every other project at this crisis,—
the

the two old projects, the Ox-moor and my BROTHER, divided him again; and so equal a match were they for each other, as to become the occasion of no small contest in the old gentleman's mind,—which of the two should be set o'going first.

—People may laugh as they will—
but the case was this.

It had ever been the custom of the family, and by length of time was almost become a matter of common right, that the eldest son of it should have free ingress, egress, and regress into foreign parts before marriage,—not only for the sake of bettering his own private parts, by the benefit of exercise and change of so much air—but simply for the mere delectation of his fancy, by the feather

put into his cap, of having been abroad
— *tantum valet*, my father would say,
quantum sonat.

Now as this was a reasonable, and in
course a most christian indulgence—to
deprive him of it, without why or
wherefore,—and thereby make an ex-
ample of him, as the first *Sbandy* un-
whirl'd about *Europe* in a post-chaise,
and only because he was a heavy lad—
would be using him ten times worse than
a *Turk*.

On the other hand, the case of the
Ox-moor was full as hard.

Exclusive of the original purchase-
money, which was eight hundred pounds
—it had cost the family eight hundred
pounds more in a law-suit about fifteen
years

years before—besides the Lord knows what trouble and vexation.

It had been moreover in possession of the *Sbandy*-family ever since the middle of the last century; and though it lay full in view before the house, bounded on one extremity by the water-mill, and on the other by the projected wind-mill spoken of above,—and for all these reasons seemed to have the fairest title of any part of the estate to the care and protection of the family—yet by an unaccountable fatality, common to men, as well as the ground they tread on,—it had all along most shamefully been overlook'd; and to speak the truth of it, had suffered so much by it, that it would have made any man's heart have bled (*Obadiab* said) who understood the value of land, to have rode over

it, and only seen the condition it was in.

However, as neither the purchasing this tract of ground—nor indeed the placing of it where it lay, were either of them, properly speaking, of my father's doing—he had never thought himself any way concerned in the affair—till the fifteen years before, when the breaking out of that cursed law-suit mentioned above (and which had arose about its boundaries)—which being altogether my father's own act and deed, it naturally awakened every other argument in its favour; and upon summing them all up together, he saw, not merely in interest, but in honour, he was bound to do something for it—and that now or never was the time.

I think

I think there must certainly have been a mixture of ill luck in it, that the reasons on both sides should happen to be so equally balanced by each other; for though my father weigh'd them in all humours and conditions—spent many an anxious hour in the most profound and abstracted meditation upon what was best to be done——reading books of farming one day—books of travels another—laying aside all passion whatever—viewing the arguments on both sides in all their lights and circumstances—communing every day with my uncle *Toby*—arguing with *Xorick*, and talking over the whole affair of the *Ox-moor* with *Obadiab*—yet nothing in all that time appeared so strongly in behalf of the one, which was not either strictly applicable to the other, or at least so far counterbalanced by some consideration

tion of equal weight, as to keep the scales even.

For to be sure, with proper helps, and in the hands of some people, tho' the *Ox-moor* would undoubtedly have made a different appearance in the world from what it did, or ever would do in the condition it lay—yet every tittle of this was true, with regard to my brother *Bobby*—let *Obadiab* say what he would.—

In point of interest—the contest, I own, at first sight, did not appear so undecisive betwixt them; for whenever my father took pen and ink in hand, and set about calculating the simple expence of paring and burning, and fencing in the *Ox-moor*, &c. &c.—with the certain profit it would bring him in
I
return

return—the latter turned out so prodigiously in his way of working the account, that you would have sworn the *Ox-moor* would have carried all before it. For it was plain he should reap a hundred lasts of rape, at twenty pounds a last, the very first year—besides an excellent crop of wheat the year following—and the year after that, to speak within bounds, a hundred—but, in all likelihood, a hundred and fifty—if not two hundred quarters of pease and beans—besides potatoes without end—But then, to think he was all this while breeding up my brother like a hog to eat them—knocked all on the head again, and generally left the old gentleman in such a state of suspense—that, as he often declared to my uncle *Toby*—he knew no more than his heels what to do.

No

No body, but he who has felt it, can conceive what a plaguing thing it is to have a man's mind torn afunder by two projects of equal strength, both obstinately pulling in a contrary direction at the same time: For to say nothing of the havock, which by a certain consequence is unavoidably made by it all over the finer system of the nerves, which you know convey the animal spirits and more subtle juices from the heart to the head, and so on——It is not to be told in what a degree such a wayward kind of friction works upon the more gross and solid parts, wasting the fat and impairing the strength of a man every time as it goes backwards and forwards.

My father had certainly sunk under this evil, as certainly as he had done
under

under that of my CHRISTIAN NAME—
 had he not been rescued out of it as
 he was out of that, by a fresh evil—
 the misfortune of my brother *Bobby's*
 death.

What is the life of man ! Is it not to
 shift from side to side ?—from sorrow to
 sorrow ?——to button up one cause of
 vexation !—and unbutton another !

C H A P. XXXII.

FROM this moment I am to be
 considered as heir-apparent to the
Shandy family—and it is from this point
 properly, that the story of my LIFE
 and my OPINIONS sets out ; with all
 my hurry and precipitation I have but
 been

been clearing the ground to raise the building—— and such a building do I foresee it will turn out, as never was planned, and as never was executed since *Adam*. In less than five minutes I shall have thrown my pen into the fire, and the little drop of thick ink which is left remaining at the bottom of my ink-horn, after it—I have but half a score things to do in the time——I have a thing to name—a thing to lament—a thing to hope—a thing to promise, and a thing to threaten—I have a thing to suppose—a thing to declare—a thing to conceal—a thing to chuse, and a thing to pray for.—This chapter, therefore, I *name* the chapter of THINGS—and my next chapter to it, that is, the first chapter of my next volume, if I live, shall be my chapter upon WHISKERS,

in

in order to keep up some sort of connection in my works.

The thing I lament is, that things have crowded in so thick upon me, that I have not been able to get into that part of my work, towards which, I have all the way, looked forwards, with so much earnest desire; and that is the campaigns, but especially the amours of my uncle *Toby*, the events of which are of so singular a nature, and so Cervantick a cast, that if I can so manage it, as to convey but the same impressions to every other brain, which the occurrences themselves excite in my own—— I will answer for it the book shall make its way in the world, much better than its master has done before it—— Oh *Tristram!* *Tristram!* can this but be once brought about—— the credit,
which

which will attend thee as an author, shall counterbalance the many evils which have befallen thee as a man—thou wilt feast upon the one—when thou hast lost all sense and remembrance of the other!——

No wonder I itch so much as I do, to get at these amours—They are the choicest morsel of my whole story! and when I do get at 'em—assure yourselves, good folks,—(nor do I value whose squeamish stomach takes offence at it) I shall not be at all nice in the choice of my words;—— and that's the thing I have to *declare*.—I shall never get all through in five minutes, that I fear—and the thing I *hope* is, that your worships and reverences are not offended—if you are, depend upon't I'll give you something, my good gentry, next year,

2

to

to be offended at——that's my dear *Jenny's* way—but who my *Jenny* is—and which is the right and which the wrong end of a woman, is the thing to be *concealed*—it shall be told you the next chapter but one, to my chapter of button-holes,—and not one chapter before.

And now that you have just got to the end of these four volumes——the thing I have to *ask* is, how you feel your heads? my own akes dismally—as for your healths, I know, they are much better——True *Shandeism*, think what you will against it, opens the heart and lungs, and like all those affections which partake of its nature, it forces the blood and other vital fluids of the body to run freely thro' its channels,

and makes the wheel of life run long
and chearfully round.

Was I left like *Sancho Pança*, to
chuse my kingdom, it should not be
maritime—or a kingdom of blacks to
make a penny of——no, it should
be a kingdom of hearty laughing sub-
jects : And as the bilious and more fa-
turnine passions, by creating disorders
in the blood and humours, have as bad
an influence, I see, upon the body politick
as body natural—and as nothing but a
habit of virtue can fully govern those
passions, and subject them to reason—I
should add to my prayer—that God
would give my subjects grace to be as
WISE as they were MERRY ; and then
should I be the happiest monarch, and
they the happiest people under heaven—

And so, with this moral for the present, may it please your worships and your reverences, I take my leave of you till this time twelve-month, when (unless this vile cough kills me in the mean time) I'll have another pluck at your beards, and lay open a story to the world you little dream of.

F I N I S.